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CHICAGO

Michelangelo's statue of Moses in the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, Rome (see page 721)

Inside 'the Other Camp'
By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.

The Scrolls and the New Testament
By H. F. D. Sparks

Eye Disorders and the Artist
By an Eye Surgeon

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery
By Lord Attlee, O.M.

The Dilemma of Soviet Architecture
By Cleeve Barr

Desiring and Acquiring a Motor-car
By J. B. Boothroyd

November

Outside, in the dusk and the drizzle, the newspaper-sellers are doing a brisk trade in the Classified Results editions. In buses, trains and cars a million fans—elated or deflated as the case may be—stream homeward from a thousand grounds, reviewing the match in terms which range from the smugly self-satisfied to the frankly embittered ("Whose side are *you* on, ref?") . . . You may think of football as something that has always been with us and so, in a sense, it has, for goodness knows when the first man first kicked the first ball about. But it took a long time to get things organised and the present Association Rules date, rather surprisingly, only from 1863. As a national institution, therefore, football is a good deal younger than that other great national institution, the Midland Bank, which has been providing an ever-growing variety of banking services for an ever-growing number of people ever since 1836.

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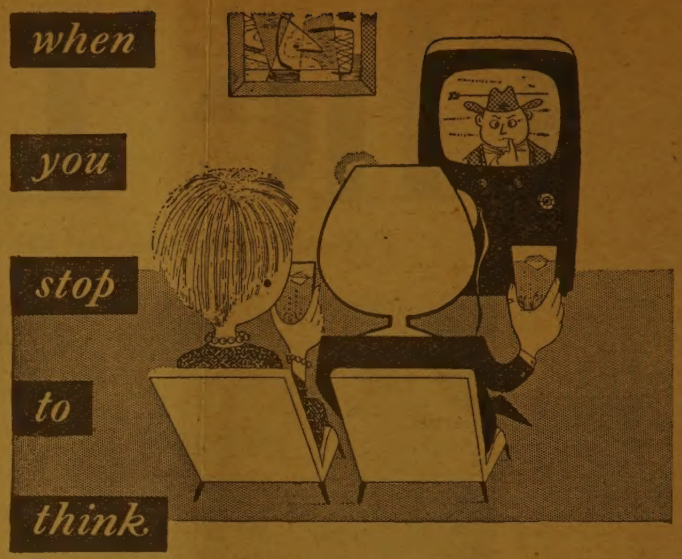

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The Listener

Vol. LX. No. 1545 Thursday November 6 1958

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Inside 'the Other Camp'

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., on differences of outlook in Russia and China

I HAVE just returned from a trip to China, via Moscow and Siberia, and felt for the first time the thrilling velocity of the jet age, which enabled me, on my return journey, to have breakfast in Peking and sleep that same night in my own bed in London. There is now no reason, provided all one's visas are in order, why one should not go to Peking for a long weekend: such is the physical nearness of the jet age.

Yet this nearness only intensifies the feeling of utter remoteness, which was my first and remains my main impression of this expedition across the Iron Curtain. In Poland, in East Germany, even in Czechoslovakia, one does not feel this so strongly because, though the system imposed is totally different, the civilization of the Poles, the Germans, and the Czechs belongs to our own. But in Russia—and even more in China—I learnt for the first time that the Communist doctrine of 'the two camps' contains a profound and terrible truth. However much some of us may want to change it, the world is in fact divided into two camps, Communist and anti-Communist, with a number of uncommitted nations standing on the sidelines, and one of the chief factors which freezes that division and perpetuates the Cold War is the rigidity and uniformity of the Communist system and the Communist ideology.

Let me give one trifling example of this uniformity. Outside the Communist bloc, Israel is probably the country with most to show in terms of all forms of agricultural collectivism, from Western-type co-operation on the right to forms of total common ownership, more extreme than any to be seen in Russia. What strikes the visitor to Israel is the astonishing variety of collectivist patterns one can see in that tiny country. There is not only the difference between *moshavim* and *kibbutzim*, but, within each, there are numbers of important differences in the form of cultivation and the methods of keeping livestock.

East of the Iron Curtain this variety ceases—and is replaced by set rules and standard practices, extending, as I saw for myself, even to such details as the number of cows per worker on a dairy farm. I visited first a State Farm and a Kolkhoz in White Russia and then a State Farm and a People's Commune in China, each with a dairy herd. In all of them I asked the same questions about the labour force and received exactly the same answers. Although the size of the dairy herd and agricultural conditions varied greatly, there was always one whole-time worker to 12 cows when they were milked by hand and one to 16 when they were milked by machine. I should add that the Chinese are fond of neither butter nor milk and there is, therefore, only a limited amount of dairy farming in China. But what there is of it seemed to conform precisely to the Russian pattern, just as the Chinese and Russian cowmen gave almost identical answers to my questions. When I said that in the Western world a cowman will handle up to fifty beasts without difficulty and without assistance except on his off day, I was met with that look of absolute blank incredulity which dawns on all Communist faces when they are met with a fact which

does not fit their intellectual patterns. It is a look which combines a loyal conviction that you are a capitalist liar with the disloyal suspicion that there may be something in what you say.

This brings me to my second impression, the conformism of the intelligentsia in Russia and China. Here again, it is an awe-inspiring thought that, whether you are sitting drinking German beer in East Berlin or vodka in Irkutsk or green tea in Woohan, the university professor you are talking to will sooner or later make the identical speech about the eight heresies of Yugoslav revisionism. It is a staggering thought that this backward, mountainous little Balkan country looms so large in the thinking of every intellectual civil servant and editorial writer in Russia and China, and that Tito is regarded as so dangerous that every educated person has memorized an identical account of what is wrong about Titoism and why it is wrong. If I were a Yugoslav this would give me a great sense of my own self-importance and a great pride in Marshal Tito.

Monotony of Complete Uniformity

This uniformity, not merely of mental outlook but even of verbal expression, makes conversation in intellectual circles a trifle monotonous. In both Moscow and Peking admirable daily translations into English are provided of the main editorials and news items of the Communist daily press. The Englishman, therefore, can read his *Pravda* and *Izvestia* with his breakfast in Moscow or his *People's Daily News* in Peking. This has the disadvantage, however, that he already knows precisely what everybody is going to say to him, since I found nobody, at least among Chinese intellectuals, whose conversation deviated one hair's breadth from the official editorial line. It was only when one got out of the hotels, ministries, and newspaper offices of the city and mixed with practical people in factories and farms that one escaped from this dreary climate of intellectual uniformity.

But here I must make one big and important distinction. It is true enough that Russian as well as Chinese intellectuals are careful to conform to the party line in talking to foreigners. But it is also true that the Russians do it in an entirely different way. I found the conformity in Peking total and somewhat inhuman, whereas in Moscow I had the strong impression that I was talking to warm, emotional human beings who, because of the requirements of their social system, had to perform certain intellectual rituals and procedures which, as they took little trouble to conceal, did not exactly conform with their inmost thoughts and feelings. Whether I was talking to the editors of the humorous paper *Krokodil,* of the *Communist Daily Mirror, Komsomolska Pravda,* or the highbrow periodical *Kommunist,* I always got the impression that I was in contact with extremely interesting, lively individuals for whom Communism was no longer a revolution but an Establishment accepted as the permanent framework within which change would take place.

In China, on the other hand, I was confronted by a revolution still in process. Communism there is not an established system but a dynamic mass movement, led and controlled by a ruthless, dedicated, puritanical Communist Party. In Russia, Mr. Khrushchev has been trying with some success to shake up an ossified Communist Establishment. In China Mr. Mao Tse-tung is still directing a movement which is constantly improvising new and startling turns of policy in accordance with the requirements of the foreign situation and the dynamism which still comes from below.

Whereas many experts predicted five years ago that the Chinese would move slower than the Russians towards collectivism, the truth is that they are moving enormously faster and they are able to do so because the Chinese peasant shows far less resistance to Communism than his Russian counterpart. Looking back now, I am not surprised at a remark made to me by a Russian friend who was seeing me off from Moscow to Peking on the TU104. I told him my impression that, in the mid-twentieth century, London is a peripheral capital and the centre of the world has been moving to Moscow. As the order was given 'Passengers aboard', he shook my hand and said: 'Goodbye and good luck. Maybe, by the time you get back here, the centre of the world will have moved farther east, to Peking'.

That remark is not only significant in itself. The fact that a Russian could take it as a witticism also symbolizes the whole difference between the intellectual climate of the two capitals. In the whole time I was in China no one risked such a witticism or, indeed, questioned the need for 100 per cent. intellectual submission to the party leadership and 100 per cent. opposition to any and every kind of revisionism or unorthodoxy. How different was the mood, to take one example, of the Writers' Union in Moscow. True, Mr. Pasternak's novel, *Dr. Zhivago,* is not being published in Russia. But what is significant and encouraging is the fact that this decision not to publish Pasternak has caused a first-class sensation in Moscow. Indeed, I found every Russian anxious to talk to me about it and discuss the pros and cons, and the secretary of the Writers' Union actually spent five hours with me, defending his decision. In Peking no one would have had to waste a moment doing that, because there would have been no question of any book of this sort ever being published.

There, in a nutshell, is the difference between the militant conformism of Chinese revolutionary Communism and the self-criticism of the members of the Russian Communist Establishment.—*Hebrew Service*

'THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNIVERSE'

by A. C. B. Lovell, F.R.S.

The Reith Lectures for 1958

will be published in THE LISTENER beginning next week.

Mr. Lovell is Professor of Radio Astronomy in the University of Manchester and Director of the Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, where the famous radio telescope has been used for tracking the path of the 'sputniks' and other earth satellites.

The first lecture is called

'Astronomy Breaks Free'

THE LISTENER next week will also include

'SERVANT OF THE LORD'

reflections on the character of Oliver Cromwell

by C. V. Wedgwood, LL.D.

and

'THE AMERICAN VOTE'

by H. G. Nicholas,

Reader in the Comparative Study of Institutions, Oxford University

This number will contain fifty-two pages.

The People's Communes of China

A survey compiled by the B.B.C. Foreign News Department

SPEECHES and articles in the Chinese press show how the authorities are establishing so-called People's Communes throughout the rural areas. They take the place of the former agricultural co-operatives, and they will provide the answer, in the minds of the Chinese Communist leaders, to the growing need for more production, more hands doing more work, and more flexibility of labour.

For a People's Commune is very different from a mere co-operative. Centred on a township, and comprising anything up to 10,000 families, it is run by an administrative council which organizes economic affairs, education, agriculture, the militia, and industry, in accordance with Communist Party directives. It sets up communal mess-halls and dormitories, nurseries, and establishments for making the people's clothes. It pays the workers their wages, awards bonuses, directs the harvest, sends out huge work teams to build factories and to mine ore.

It was only last spring that the first People's Communes were set up but Chinese leaders say that the movement will be completed by the end of this month. On September 1 the Communist Party magazine *Red Flag* reported:

> Peasants over wide areas are becoming further organized. Small co-operatives are becoming merged into large ones, the agricultural-producer co-operatives are being transformed into People's Communes where the township and the commune become one entity. And industry, agriculture, trade, culture and education, and military affairs merge into one; with the result that the worker, the peasant, the trader, the student and the soldier are all fused, so to speak, into one personality. . . .
>
> The establishment of People's Communes shows itself to be the irresistible tide of a nation-wide mass movement. In a number of places peasants of entire provinces have organized themselves in People's Communes in a very short time. In other places the peasants are making active preparations to do so. They will strive to found communes about the time of the autumn harvest. The People's Communes already in being have shown great superiority in spurring the initiative of the masses in production, enlarging capital construction, accelerating technical and cultural revolutions, and promoting public welfare.

The New China News Agency describes the People's Commune as a new, basic organ of society, in which the peasant becomes a worker with a fixed income, paid partly in food eaten at the communal mess-hall, and in other amenities, and partly in cash:

> Members do not have to pay for food. Some communes also supply clothing, housing, education and medical treatment, and provide free facilities for confinement, marriage and burial.
>
> Along with the supply of these necessities, the communes pay basic wages, which are classified into different grades according to the intensity of work. They also pay bonuses where norms are exceeded.

The *Peking People's Daily* on September 3 said:

> The People's Communes represent a higher level of socialist development and collectivization than agricultural co-operatives. Their massive scale of production requires a higher efficiency and greater manoeuvrability of labour, as well as the participation of women in production. Therefore more and more mess-halls, nurseries, and clothing teams are being set up; and the last remnants of individual ownership of means of production are being eliminated. In many districts the plots of land formerly reserved for the peasants' own use, as well as their livestock and orchards, and some of the larger farming implements, have been transferred to the commune.

President Mao Tse-tung (second from left) talking to workers at the Chekiang Agricultural Institute on the outskirts of Hangchow

As an example of the superiority of People's Communes over the co-operatives, the newspaper says that in one commune which previously had little industry a work force of 20,000 people was able to put up several thousand small factories within ten days.

How and when did the idea of People's Communes arise? It is only two years ago that Mr. Mao Tse-tung was calling for a great speeding-up in forming large-scale agricultural co-operatives. But at some stage it seems to have been realized that a more effective and far-reaching kind of organization was necessary. Many of the official reports dealing with People's Communes begin with the words:

> Following the rectification campaign there has been a great strengthening of

Young Chinese women in a light-engineering factory

Socialist consciousness among the peasants.

Or:

Following the great leap forward in agriculture and the great rectification campaign, People's Communes have become widely established.

This suggests that the rectification campaign, when first the intellectuals and the discontented were encouraged and even obliged to voice their criticism of Communist policy (only to suffer severely for it later), was a necessary prelude to the new great changes in store for the Chinese people. The campaign for free speech that followed the encouraging words of Mao Tse-tung —'let a hundred flowers bloom'—was evidently designed as an operation to find out what precisely were the prevailing criticisms of policy and who were the critics. The necessary action could then be taken to deal with them through the so-called rectification campaign, in the shape of confessions, labour-camps, changes of heart, compulsory debates with party comrades; and work could then go forward unimpeded. It is certain that party members were busy in the provinces before the People's Communes movement got under way, sounding the views of the peasants and putting forward party ideas on the subject, explaining and popularizing them, until, as Mao Tse-tung says in his writings, the masses embrace the ideas as their own and stand up for them and translate them into action.

A 'Natural Trend'

When the Communist Party formally adopted, on August 29, a resolution on the establishment of People's Communes in the rural areas, it said:

The building of People's Communes is a natural trend in the country's development . . . Large-scale capital construction and advanced technical measures demand more man-power. The development of industry in the rural areas also demands a partial transfer of man-power from the agricultural front. Boundaries between co-operatives have been broken down, organization is, so to speak, 'militarized', activities are on a combatant basis, and daily living is being collectivized. Common mess-halls, kindergartens, nurseries, tailoring teams, old people's homes, public baths, barbers' shops, agricultural and secondary schools, and schools for turning out party and technical specialists, are all leading the peasants to a collective life of greater happiness.

By this time reports had already appeared in the Chinese press of peasants celebrating their entry into People's Communes with cymbals, dancing, and other revelry. In some places peasants were even seen to tear down their family huts before moving into communal quarters. But there were places where no such enthusiasm was in evidence. The party resolution makes this clear:

After the People's Communes have been established, there is no need for the hasty change into a system of ownership by all the people. This is a process which may be more quickly completed in some places, say in three or four years, and more slowly in other places, say in five or six years or even longer.

The *Red Flag* magazine dealt with fears that this new form of peasant organization might lead to what is called 'commandism'—that is, orders and discipline without consultation.

To organize the People's Communes along military lines and to arm the entire population is an entirely different thing from commandism.

The writer claimed that the highest degree of democracy could be realized in the communes with organization along military lines and with citizen soldiers.

In China there have always been women at work in the fields, but one of the objects of setting up the People's Communes has been to get all the women employed, either in farming or in the factories. But the breaking down of the accepted idea of family and home life was obviously not accepted everywhere, judging by some of the official assurances and explanations published in the press. In the *Peking People's Daily* on July 6 there appeared a 'Letter to a Complaining Husband on a Sunday morning', written by a Mrs. Ch'in Hsieu-lan, a working-class housewife in Peking whose husband is clearly dissatisfied with the way women are being taken out of the home:

I awoke quite early this morning. I felt so excited about the things happening in our street over the past few days that I was anxious to talk to you. You were sound asleep with smiles round the corner of your mouth. Perhaps you were too busy and tired out yesterday. I did not feel like waking you, and I haven't the patience to wait for you to wake up, as I am in a hurry to go to Hsi Cheng to visit an industrial project there with Chairman Hau of the Residents' Committee. Since you are going back to work in the afternoon, all I can do is to leave this note for you. You may not like to hear what I am going to tell you, but I have to say it. I find you have not been satisfied with me lately. You have often remarked: 'You have disappeared the whole day. What has become of our home?'

Well, what can I say? Your reasoning powers are good. You are a cadre of the state organ and should know how people are to concentrate all their efforts in building up industry. In this, of course, our street is playing its part. I am a housewife. In the past I did not have much to do with local affairs, much less with industrial undertakings. But now I have made up my mind about throwing myself into such undertakings, so that socialism can be built and pushed through at an early date. Has the party not called upon everyone of us to think, speak out, and act boldly? Is it not something rare for housewives to start industrial undertakings? You might not come upon such things even if you travelled round the world!

Try to think this over; it will not take us long before we shall start setting up two small factories in our street. We will also set up a children's nursery and several public mess-halls. How wonderful! By then there will be no idlers living in the street and no households living on relief. Moreover, after the rectification campaign, all of us feel fine and live in harmony. Our street has thus become a big family.

You might say disapprovingly: 'How can you call such a street, with over 110 households and nearly 1,000 inhabitants, a big family?' Well, I will put it this way. In former days the family was made up of scores of people comprising three generations, the in-laws, and relatives. But in the socialist era of today, the term 'family' has taken on a broad meaning . . . This is a new type of revolutionary big family—a unit, an organization, a factory, a farm co-operative, a street, a village. A city or a district is an even bigger family of the revolutionary kind. And bigger than all families is the revolutionary family of China, or the whole socialist camp.

The Small and the Big Family

Of course there is a difference, the housewife admits. The small family involves the relations between husband and wife, parents and children, while the big family, as she puts it, bubbles with brotherly and sisterly relations and feelings. But whether in the big or small family, the bubbling feelings of comradeship are the same, she says. And what disadvantages are there if a woman is able to get rid of such household chores of a backward society as the preparation of meals?

Do not get upset. You probably want to have the same kind of home as you had in the past, one in which the whole family served your personal needs—your clothing washed and pressed, a basin full of warm water in the evening so that you could wash your feet, and something tasty prepared for you . . . It lags far behind the age of progress in every field of endeavour in which we live today. There isn't even a whiff of socialism about it.

And the letter concludes:

But we do have a home, that is, a huge family as I have mentioned. Take our street as an instance. When factories, children's nurseries, and mess-halls have been set up, we will all join in, working, learning, living, eating, and playing together. I think even the best small family is not a match for this home. Do you not think so?

The husband's remarks on waking and reading this letter are unrecorded; but the press subsequently carried a number of warm expressions of approval of the socialist-minded housewife.

—*From 'The Communist View' (Third Programme)*

A Giant's Strength, the booklet referred to in the talks on 'The Right to Strike' last week, is published by Christopher Johnson and the price is 4s., and not 42s. as stated in error.

Lord Montgomery and his Memoirs

By LORD ATTLEE, O.M.

LORD MONTGOMERY in his *Memoirs** gives us a picture of a very remarkable character, and also throws a strong light on many episodes of the war. Born into a family where the father was a missionary bishop, he grew up in an ordinary British way as a schoolboy at St. Paul's school, excelling both at football and cricket, and then going on to Sandhurst and so into the army. He had various escapades in his youth but soon settled down into what we might call a dedicated life. The puritan strain came out strong in him. He has always been a non-smoker and a non-drinker and has always emphasized the need for physical fitness.

Britain was fortunate in the second world war in finding a number of first-class generals: Alanbrooke—the best of the lot; Alexander; Slim; and Montgomery. Lord Montgomery, always generous, in his *Memoirs* handsomely acknowledges that Lord Alanbrooke was the best of the generals.

Success Story

Lord Montgomery's book is a success story. He is a general of the highest quality. Like Cromwell, whom he rightly extols, he is a devoted man with a sense of mission. Like Cromwell, too, he knew how to inspire his men, how to command in battle, and how to lay out the broad strategy of a campaign. He was able to fill his troops with his own self-confidence. He has severe and deserved strictures on the pre-war governments for their failure to bring the army up to date, and also for their choice of military personnel. Lord Gort, gallant fighter as he was, was unfitted to be either Chief of Staff or commander of an expeditionary force. A selection of the right man for the job is one of the vital tasks of a prime minister and of a general. General Montgomery was selected to command in Egypt owing to the death of another general. He was fortunate in having his chance, but we were fortunate in having the man who was required at that moment.

Montgomery was lucky in being given the men and officers he wanted—not like poor Ian Hamilton in the Dardanelles in the first world war, who had to take what he was given. In comparing Lord Montgomery with other generals one must remember that he took over in Africa just when the necessary material became available. Wavell won his victories against the Italians on a shoestring. To a lesser extent this was true of Field-Marshal Auchinleck. Still more, in Burma, Field-Marshal Slim had to make do all the time with the leavings from the European theatre. All this does not detract from the magnitude of Montgomery's achievement. El Alamein was a turning point in the war. He made the 8th Army, as later he made the 21st Army Group, effective instruments of war.

For some, Montgomery's adoption of a beret, his elaborate plans to make himself personally known to all ranks, seemed mere exhibitionism. It was in fact a wise and calculated policy, reversing a mistake of the first world war where on the Western Front no one got much beyond seeing their divisional commander, or even knowing the name of the corps commander or army commander. Here Montgomery reverted to a practice of the small-scale wars of the past, where Cromwell and Marlborough commanded in the field and were known to all. His methods, particularly his methods of using liaison officers to keep him in touch with the forward troops, were original. So was his organization of his staff, particularly his emphasis that there must be a Chief of Staff to rid the commanding general of masses of detail. His examining of generalship is most interesting, particularly his emphasis on that extra intuition which marks out the genius from a most assiduous competent craftsman. He showed that at the crisis of El Alamein.

Many will turn with interest to the chief controversies of the war. These involve not only strategy but also international politics. The matter has been fully discussed by Mr. Chester Wilmot in his *Struggle for Europe*. Few, I think, will doubt that Montgomery was right in his advocacy of a concentration of force in the north, to knock Germany out of the war by capturing the Ruhr, as against General Eisenhower's two-pronged attack, an endeavour to bring all units into the field at once. I think this view has the support of German military experts as well.

Lord Montgomery freely confesses his mistakes. He made a mistake in having a press conference, the results of which, skilfully distorted by enemy radio, rubbed salt into the sores which already existed between the British General and his American comrades. Relationships between allies are never easy. It was in this field that Alexander and Slim were superior to Montgomery. He rightly stresses the failure of the Americans to appreciate the need for anticipating the Russians in the deliverance of middle Europe. They had not learned then the true nature of Russian Communist imperialism. Their illusion on the subject of Russia lasted, as I know myself, right through the Potsdam conference and after. It was only the Berlin blockade which opened their eyes—too late.

But for American insistence on 'Anvil'—the entrance into France of forces from the south—a policy which took away from Alexander the means of making rapid progress in Italy and also distorted the correct strategic lay-out on the Western Front—Alexander might have joined hands with Marshal Tito and freed Austria. There might have been an advance whereby certainly Czechoslovakia and possibly Poland would have been freed from the West and not from the East. The meticulous standing by on certain agreed lines in effect handed Czechoslovakia over to the Communists. Central Europe has paid dearly for this lack of political 'nous' and for the historic suspicion of Britain as an imperialist, aggressive power. Many of the post-war difficulties of the democracies were due to this faulty policy and also to a too rapid run-down of the American armed forces.

Lord Montgomery gives a vivid description of the conditions in Germany after he had received the surrender of the main German armies of the north; and he did a fine service by his initiative in acting through the armed forces to get things going in Germany and to carry us successfully through the winter of 1945 without widespread starvation.

Peace-time C.I.G.S.

In 1947 Montgomery became Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The years that followed were the least successful of his career. The qualities which made for success in the field were not those required in an office in which he had to co-operate on equal terms with the Service Chiefs of the other two fighting services. He is apt to lay down his policy with the firm conviction that it is the only right policy, in a rather dogmatic manner. He had also to deal with matters involving close co-operation with the government, and considerations of foreign and home policy with which he is not well acquainted.

Accustomed during the war to obtain all the resources required, he did not fully appreciate the extremely difficult economic position of the country; nor the complications caused by having to work with other governments. This led him to hasty judgments. For instance, he is censorious over government action in Palestine; ignoring the difficulties caused by the conflicting promises made by past governments to Arabs and Jews. Nor did he know the constant pressure by the United States to admit into Palestine thousands of Jews without reference to the repercussions on the Arab situation.

Similarly, the government's decision to maintain conscription in peacetime—which was not easy to make—is sometimes misunderstood. It was based, on the advice of the military, on the immediate position in Europe, where Russia maintained immense

(*continued on page 739*)

* *The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein*, K.G. Collins. 35s.

The Listener

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Doctor and Artist

IN 1903, the historian J. P. Bury said in an inaugural lecture that 'the only way to true history lies through scientific research'. In recent years the truth of his words has been illustrated in some novel ways. Bury was referring to the start of a period of specialized monograph writing and to the close analysis of documents. But now the scientist proper is being brought in to make his contribution to an increasing number of art studies. For instance, Carbon 14 dating has become vital to the study of archaeology; the scientific tests applied to the Piltdown skull vital to anthropology; and, various infra-red, ultra-violet, and X-ray processes vital to the study of anything from Greek papyri to Old Master paintings. In a talk which we publish today, a distinguished eye surgeon makes a suggestive exposition on the subject of eye disorders influencing painters.

The surgeon's observations are stimulating and raise many questions. It seems to be certainly true that where we possess documentary evidence about the eyesight of painters like Cézanne and Degas the characteristics of their work can be shown to have been affected by some handicap. A difficulty arises when we come to painters of the distant past like El Greco, where our sole reason for thinking they may have been astigmats (or have had some other defect of sight) is a deduction from their surviving canvases. The El Greco portrait of Cardinal Nino de Guevara when photographed through 'a one-degree astigmatic lens at an axis of fifteen degrees off the vertical' (see page 728) would seem to teach the lesson that El Greco may have been an astigmat. The puzzle is that in his pictures, even in the same canvas, El Greco mixes elongated forms with realistic portraits of people, in which one can deduce no astigmatism at all. Indeed, El Greco is in the habit of reserving his most markedly attenuated limbs and draperies for the painting of mystical religious figures. He tends to paint donors and ordinary mortals as they are in real life. Then, it must be remembered that El Greco was painting fairly late in the development throughout Europe of the whole stream of Mannerist painting. Stylistic evidence can be adduced to show that he picked up his elongations of form (like many of his other mannerisms) from Venetians such as Jacopo Bassano and Parmese artists such as Parmigiano. The latter's drawings were generally distributed through Italy when El Greco arrived there from Greece as a young man. In fact, the whole tradition of these elongations derives from the appearance in Florence in the fifteen-twenties, years before El Greco was born, of a number of engravings from the 'mysterious Gothic lands' north of the Alps. When these began to circulate, they affected the style of Michelangelo's chief pupils, particularly a crankish artist called Pontormo. The result became part of an artistic language which El Greco came to inherit.

Scientific evidence can be helpful to art history. If it is claimed, for example, that a certain picture is painted by Rembrandt, and then a chemical test is made and it is discovered that the paint or the canvas were not used before the eighteenth century, it can be said for certain that the picture (however attractive) is not by Rembrandt. Soon, perhaps, medical evidence will be equally helpful. It may be that a lesson can be learned from eye disorders, one that draws attention to some little-noticed factor, which forms part of the artist's vehicle of expression and therefore the language by means of which he is seeking to communicate with us.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Boris Pasternak

THE SOVIET TREATMENT of Mr. Boris Pasternak figured prominently in Western commentaries; there were many broadcasts on the Moscow home and foreign services pouring abuse on Mr. Pasternak and his novel, *Dr. Zhivago*.

On November 1, *Tass* transmitted the text of Mr. Pasternak's letter to Mr. Khrushchev appealing against being exiled from the land to which he was bound by his birth, his life, and his work, and affirming that he had 'voluntarily' renounced the Nobel Prize. At the same time, *Tass* stated that it was authorized to say that no obstacle would be placed in the way of Mr. Pasternak going to Sweden to get his award, or to leaving the Soviet Union altogether, if he wished, to experience personally 'the charms of the capitalist paradise'. Earlier, Mr. Pasternak—who had originally accepted the award with gratification—sent a telegram to the Swedish Academy saying:

> I am declining the award because of the meaning attributed to it in the society in which I live. Please do not take my voluntary refusal with any ill will.

This telegram followed Mr. Pasternak's expulsion from the Soviet Writers' Union. Then, on October 29, Moscow radio quoted a leading Komsomol official as saying, in the course of a bitter attack on Mr. Pasternak at a Moscow meeting:

> Let him go to his capitalist paradise. I am sure that the government will not place any obstacles in his way, but will, on the contrary, welcome his departure from our midst.

On October 26, Moscow home service broadcast a long article in *Pravda* by Zaslavsky entitled 'Reactionary propaganda uproar over a literary weed', which was also quoted extensively in broadcasts for abroad. In this broadcast article, Mr. Pasternak was called 'a superfluous man', 'a weed in Soviet soil', 'bourgeois through and through', a 'self-enamoured Narcissus', who was hostile to Marxism, to the revolution, and to 'Soviet reality'.

> *Dr. Zhivago* is a malicious lampoon on the socialist revolution, on the Soviet people, on the Soviet intelligentsia. The embittered Philistine has given vent to his revengeful gall. . . . His novel is low-grade reactionary hackwork. . .

When Mr. Pasternak's refusal of the Nobel Prize was received in Sweden, newspapers there called it 'a tragedy' for Mr. Pasternak and expressed disbelief that his rejection was 'voluntary'. *Svenska Dagbladet* was quoted as saying that the Russians must understand that they have seriously damaged the cultural exchanges between West and East in which they have long professed to be interested.

Another subject much discussed in commentaries from both West and East was the Geneva conference on nuclear tests. From Australia, *The Melbourne Age* was quoted as saying that the Western proposal of a year's suspension of tests was sound and reasonable:

> If Russia should reject it or refuse to confer, nuclear tests . . . will continue, and all Russia's protestations of its desire to end the tests will be exposed as false.

On the eve of the Geneva conference, *Tass* issued a statement declaring that the Soviet Union could not consent to a temporary suspension of work on improving nuclear weapons:

> If the Western Powers do not agree to a final prohibition of tests . . . the U.S.S.R. will be impelled to bring up the number of tests to that of the test explosions staged by the Powers of the Nato military bloc which is spearheaded against the countries of socialism.

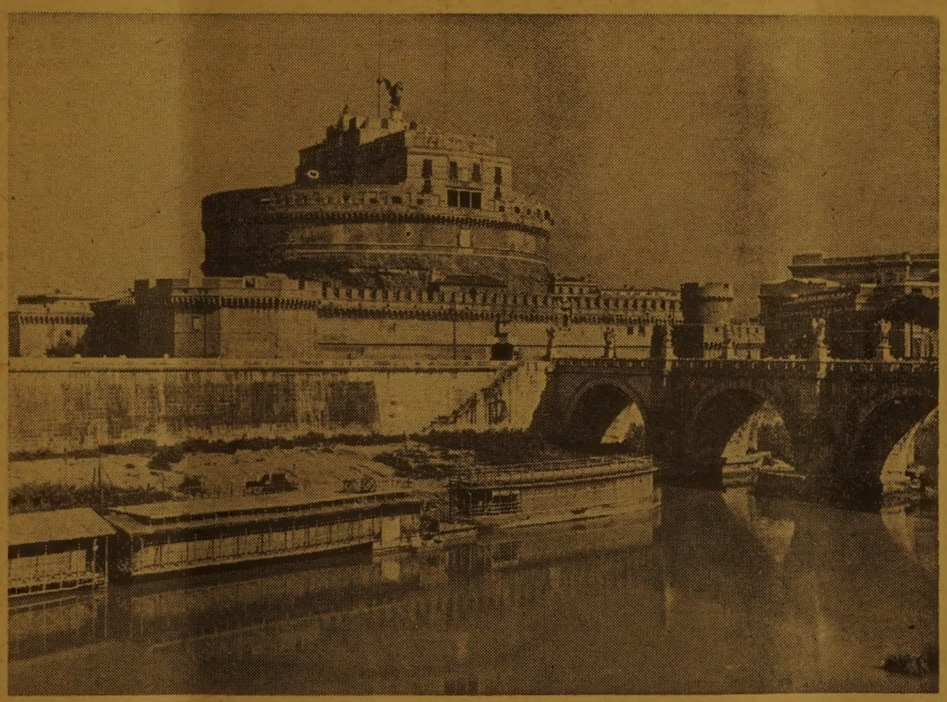
A Berlin broadcast on October 29 quoted Professor Fedorov, head of the Soviet delegation to the earlier Geneva meeting of nuclear scientists, as having said in Moscow two days previously that it would take about two years to set up a complete control system. The East German broadcast added that, as this was so, and the United States wanted to discuss discontinuation of tests for only one year, the whole thing became pointless. A Moscow broadcast said that the very vague hopes of success at Geneva, voiced in the Queen's speech, sounded 'extremely hypocritical'.

Did You Hear That?

A NOVICE IN ROME

'IT WAS SHAMEFUL', said PROFESSOR J. ISAACS in a talk in the Home Service. 'There was I, over sixty, and never been to Rome. So, last May, on the way back from lecturing in Jerusalem, I hopped off the aircraft and gave myself four days in Rome. I walked and I walked and I walked.

'Turning my back on the wedding cake of the Victor Emmanuel Monument, I walked along the Corso. There, in the shade of its Sunday-afternoon emptiness, I began slowly and gently to get the feel of and become acquainted with Rome. Palaces, churches, a square on the left with the tall Column of Marcus Aurelius, a narrow turning to the right, and I had stumbled on the Spanish Steps.



The Castel Sant' Angelo and the Ponte Sant' Angelo, Rome

A. F. Kersting

'I climbed past the obelisk, past the Villa Medici, past the fountain, past the horse-chestnut candles, past the stone pines and the cypresses, to the crowded Pincio gardens, where the children with their balloons watched the ageless Punch and Judy show. Into the dark church of S. Trinità dei Monti and out into the Claudian light of the descending but not yet setting sun, past the fountain that Corot painted so cunningly with the whole of Rome as background, down the Spanish Steps again, past Keats's house, into the Spanish Square, then by several streets down to the Tiber to an inn where Dante stayed, and, suddenly, Bernini's fountains in the Piazza Navona, just at dusk and dinner time, the children playing, and the fountains lit up. There I had my first taste of the delicious Frascati wines, at 7d. a half-pint, and listened to the noise of revolution and murder in the next room, which was only the friendly *post mortem* on a Sunday game of cards. After dinner, with the weight off my poor feet for a while, slowly, gently back to ancient Rome again, the Forum Romanum and black priests by moonlight, the arch of Constantine, and the Colosseum.

'Next morning, I chose the Renaissance and the Baroque and, above all, Michelangelo. I looked for S. Pietro in Vincoli. Inside I stumbled, picked myself up, a cold shiver running down my spine for I was looking up at Michelangelo's "Moses". Somehow I was lucky enough to have this shock of surprise every time I stumbled, literally, on a masterpiece of Michelangelo's—the Pietá in the first chapel on the right in St. Peter's, "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel, the Basilica in the Baths of Diocletian.

'Then I came on the Pantheon, the only complete building surviving from ancient Rome—open to the skies deliberately. Its chief glory is the tomb of Raphael, and round him huddle the tombs of some of my favourite painters: Annibale Carracci, Giovanni da Udine and Carlo Maratta. The Tiber again, with the Castel Sant' Angelo against the setting sun, the Baroque angels on the bridge, and my first glimpse of St. Peter's at dusk.

'Trastevere, down precipitous flights of steps, is the ancient cockney part of Rome, the Soho of Rome, which was the Jewish quarter for nearly 2,000 years. If you have not seen Trastevere you cannot really understand Soho. Bright lights, crowded gesticulating piazzas, miles and miles of sausages, mountains and mountains of cheeses, in incalculable variety, a fish restaurant where the lobsters are as red and gigantic as dragons and beautiful girls by the score ready to blossom into film stars. Half the generous beauties of the Italian cinema were recruited in Trastevere.

'There are 400 churches in Rome and I saw no more than fifty. There are twenty museums and I saw no more than three. Hang it all, I was only there four days. I had my food on the wing, an infinity of snacks and one glorious banquet. It was the artichoke season. You can have them *alla Romana*—the Roman way—stewed in olive oil and garlic. I had one in a cookshop, sitting at a counter, for a shilling. You can have them *alla Giudea*—the Jewish way—flattened out and fried in deep olive oil, crisp, looking like a dahlia. I had two on the edge of the old Ghetto, for 6s. 6d. The *rosticcerie*, or cookshops, are wonderful for snacks, something Dickensian about them. You can see what you are going to eat; if you see anything that takes your fancy you buy a quarter of a pound or half a pound, and eat it at the counter or at a little table, with a glass of wine, or take it away. For my banquet I had a Zuppa Pavese, the soup with a poached egg in it, divine fillets of sole on a bed of crushed mushrooms, butter whipped with cream, some honest bread, which alone would make a journey to Rome worth while, a salad and a choice of some fifty cheeses, perfect coffee, and a glass or two of 1878 cognac.

'Vasari describes how Donatello, sculptor, and Brunelleschi, the Florentine architect, visited Rome 500 years ago "where", says he, "seeing the grandeur of the buildings, and the perfection of the fabrics of the temples, Brunelleschi would stand in a maze, like a man out of his mind". I know now how he felt'.

IS THE KIPPER WHAT IT WAS?

'People who claim that the kipper is not what it used to be', said MARGARET RYAN in 'Today', 'generally blame the dye which, they say, is used to fake the appearance of proper smoking. What are the facts? First of all, there is one kipper that is never dyed—the Manx kipper from the Isle of Man, where dyeing is forbidden by law. But for nearly all the rest, this is what happens.

'After the herrings have been split and gutted they are submerged for half an hour in an enormous vat of brine, which is coloured by annatto, that is a tasteless vegetable dye also used to colour margarine and cheese and other foodstuffs. After this, the herrings are drained and smoked in tall chambers, like enormous, chimneys, over fires kindled from wood shavings and sawdust. Fifty years ago they used to be smoked for about forty-eight hours; now it is twelve hours at the most, and the artificial colouring is used to achieve the traditional colour.

'The kipperers say the modern public simply would not eat a kipper that had been smoked for long. Everybody wants mild kippers, just as they want mild bacon. Then why dye them? Well, the public will not buy them unless they are a good brown colour, and they instance the small demand for the pale kippers from home curers who, here and there in various parts of the country, do market an undyed kipper. The abuse of dye, they say, which results in a tasteless kipper, over-coloured and undersmoked, can be easily detected by the customer. A well-smoked kipper is golden brown on the underside with a silvery bronze skin. An over-dyed, undersmoked kipper is a sort of Red Indian mahogany colour underneath and the skin bears traces of a henna-coloured coating. So the dying of kippers seems really to be the result of popular taste and not of a sinister plot'.

TEASELS IN THE WOOLLEN INDUSTRY

With harvest time over, the farmers of Somerset will be busy selling their crops of a small but important herb to the wool merchants of Yorkshire. The plant is the teasel, and how the teasel fits into the line of production in a Yorkshire mill was described in 'The Eye-witness' by the B.B.C. northern industrial correspondent, HAROLD WEBB, who had been visiting a mill in Dewsbury.

A girl carrying newly cut teasels in Gloucestershire

'This little plant, with its hundreds of spiky, pin-like points, is the instrument by which the Yorkshire woollen workers put their fine, fluffy finish on blankets and it is also the means of putting a fine mohair type of finish on ladies' winter coats. The teasel takes two years to grow.

'In the mill, in a corner, one of its old hands, a teasel clipper, was sitting contentedly snipping the stalks off a huge pack of teasels, sizing them, and putting them into baskets ready for the expert of the business—the teasel setter. The setter arranges the sun-browned plant in a long metal frame—it is known in the trade as a rod—which is fixed to the huge, drumlike finishing machine. Each of these machines has nearly 5,000 teasels fixed to it, and their prickly edges revolve round at speed. The millions of spiky points of the teasels pull out the wool fibre gently and delicately, until a warm fluffiness is put on the product.

'The finishing supervisor told me that teasel-finishing in the woollen industry was dying out. Apparently the demand for quicker production and the cost of teasels—they are twenty times dearer now than they were twenty years ago—has compelled the industry's backroom boys to find a mechanical substitute for this product of nature. So now they use a wire roller. But I am told the little plant is not likely to be completely discarded. The tenderness with which it treats the wool ensures that it will probably continue in use for putting on the sort of finish you see on mohair coats, or heavy melton cloths, or on some flannelettes'.

ENJOYING SCHOOL

'I liked school from the first', said JOYCE GRENFELL in 'Woman's Hour', 'not for learning, of course, but for the social life and the food. Mid-morning bread and dripping at one school, and, for tea on Tuesdays, sausages and bread sauce at another. I liked school, too, for what is known in America as extra-curricular activities. These varied down the years from riding a bicycle without using my hands, secret societies and, later on, the dramatic club, swimming, and tennis. And I liked my friends: "best friends".

'At ten I went to what I thought of as a proper school because we wore gym dresses and stayed to lunch. At twelve there was a fill-in term at a rather arty school where I despised the informality. Then, at last, boarding school! From an early age I had read every school story by Angela Brazil available and now I was *living* a school story. Dormitories, prefects, remote and lofty, prep. after tea, hockey, walking in a school croc.—it was all happening to me. We said "Bags me that pew" and "Feins I empty the waste paper basket", and we thought we were tremendously witty when we said "Don't be a fool you fool get up or I'll knock you down".

'We wore the ugliest clothes ever devised for the growing girl. Picture just the wrong colour of khaki-brown poplin. Cut out a small, half-hearted round neck, raglan sleeves and, to allow for fullness the most mingily ungenerous gathers backed by elastic just exactly in the wrong place on the hips. Can you see it? No allowance for fullness across the bust or the behind, and I, for one, had need of fullness. Patch pockets were stitched very low on either side of the skirt and kept full of men's size cotton handkerchiefs and any bits and pieces of pencil, string, bungy, and odd nibs and dried up beech nuts. I think there was a rule about not putting our hands in our pockets but as only an ape could do so without bending his knees, it was not a very necessary one. I wonder those dresses did not warp us in some way . . . but I don't think they did.

'Dramas were few, so perhaps that is why Black Monday stands out. The passing of notes had always been forbidden during school but in spite of rules it had turned into a sort of Royal Mail operation, and this was used as a focusing point for discipline. The girls were assembled in the hall and solemnly warned by the Head Mistress that unless note passing stopped at once we would all be punished, indiscriminately. Some ninny went and passed another note so we were put in silence. We ate in silence, we went for a silent walk, and were given writing tasks to do in lesson hours. But there were defaulters, and as they fell one by one they were sent to various upstairs rooms into solitary confinement. The real problem was not to giggle. Sooner or later I knew I was bound to giggle and I did. "Joyce, go upstairs to the Cherry Dormitory bathroom".

'To my pleased surprise there was another girl doing penance in the Cherry Dorm. bathroom, so I went down and reported to my form mistress: "Please, Miss Kiddle, there's someone there already".

'"Oh", said Miss Kiddle, "then go up to your dormitory". So I went slowly up the stairs, to waste time, and opened the door of the Yellow Dormitory which I shared with four other girls, one of whom had webbed toes which was interesting.

'With triumph I returned to Miss Kiddle and reported: "Please Miss Kiddle there's a girl in the Yellow Dormitory already".

'"I see", said Miss Kiddle, knowing she was not in a very satisfactory position. "Go to the conservatory". The conservatory was one of my favourite places. It faced south-west and was inclined to be deliciously warm. But on Black Monday I found yet another defaulter doing time in the conservatory for breaking the silence, so back I went to the form room and Miss Kiddle and asked her where she would like me to go next. She told me to go to my place and get on with my work.

'That was the end of Black Monday. It had gone on for nearly six hours and I remember it as an unusual day but not a particularly unpleasant one'.

The Scrolls and the New Testament

By H. F. D. SPARKS

WHEN the scrolls were first discovered, just over ten years ago, the main discussion centred naturally on their date. It had always been said by those who were supposed to know that no really ancient manuscript was ever likely to be found in Palestine: the climate was too damp. In Egypt, yes, because in Egypt the climate is dry; but in Palestine never. The facts seemed to support the argument because no really ancient Palestinian manuscripts were known. Then, in 1948, came the news of the great discovery. These manuscripts from the cave at Qumran were obviously older, far older, than any other Hebrew manuscripts anywhere. The question was, How much older?

Isaiah A and B

The first of the manuscripts to be identified was the big Isaiah scroll—Isaiah A. Before Isaiah A was brought to light the earliest known copy of Isaiah was that in the so-called 'Cairo' codex of the prophets which can be dated precisely to A.D. 895. After looking at some photographs of Isaiah A that had been sent him, an eminent American archaeologist cabled back immediately 'Date 100 B.C.' If he was right, Isaiah A was almost exactly 1,000 years older than the 'Cairo' codex. It is no wonder that the learned world waited expectantly for what it had to tell us about the transmission of the text. But there were more scrolls from the cave besides Isaiah A. There was another, rather fragmentary, copy of Isaiah—Isaiah B; there was a copy of a commentary on the first two chapters of Habakkuk; there was *The Manual of Discipline;* there were the *Thanksgiving Psalms;* there was *The War of the Sons of Light against the Sons of Darkness*; and there were found also some hundreds of fragments of other scrolls that had otherwise completely disintegrated—some of them were of biblical books, some of non-biblical.

So, while one group of scholars continued the pursuit of the initial interest of the discoveries (that is, the bearing of the biblical material on the textual tradition of the Old Testament), others became increasingly interested in the study and interpretation of the non-biblical. This interest was increased as other caves were discovered and more and more material came to light—above all, by the discovery and excavation of what looked like a monastic ruin in the immediate neighbourhood of the caves. The evidence, taken as a whole, suggested that manuscripts, caves, and ruin were all interconnected: in other words, that the manuscripts had once belonged to the people who lived in the monastery and that they had been taken to the caves from there. The archaeologists dated the occupation of the monastery from approximately 135 B.C. to A.D. 68. And the majority of the scholars making a special study of the non-biblical documents came gradually to the conclusion that they were in origin Essene: that is, they were products of the third of the three 'philosophies' described by Josephus whose main centre is located by the eld[illegible]liny in the Qumran area.

Similarity to St. John's Writing

Yet this was not the only conclusion the study of the non-biblical documents led to. It fairly soon became apparent that whoever they belonged to there were a number of striking similarities between them and the books of the New Testament. There were repeated phrases like 'eternal life', the contrast between 'light' and 'darkness' or between 'the spirit of truth' and 'the spirit of error', the double 'Amen, amen' (or 'Verily, verily'), that recalled inevitably the language and thought of St. John. The authors of the documents wrote of themselves as a distinct group or community that had entered into the 'New Covenant' in much the same way as the early Christians did. Their principles of scriptural interpretation were very like the Christian. Members of the community gave up their private possessions when they entered it and had all things in common, as did the primitive Christians of Jerusalem; they were looked after by 'overseers', in whom some saw the counterpart of Christian 'bishops'; they had baptismal rites and sacred meals when bread and wine were blessed by a 'priest'. Most interesting of all, the community had been founded by a 'Teacher of Righteousness', who had been persecuted, and perhaps put to death, by a 'Wicked Priest'. We hear of 'faith' in the Teacher; and whether or not he was expected to return in person 'at the end of the days' (the correct interpretation of this passage in its context is a little difficult), there is no doubt that the community shared with the early Christians what may be termed 'high' eschatological and Messianic expectations.

All this fired the imagination of the public as soon as the first results were communicated. It had already been suggested in the nineteenth century that there was a close connection between Christianity and Essenism: some had maintained that John the Baptist was an Essene, and that Jesus himself had contacts with Essenes, even if he was not an Essene pure and simple. It was remarked at the time that if this were so it is odd that Essenes are never mentioned in the New Testament anywhere, whereas Pharisees and Sadducees are frequently; and the hypothesis was rejected. Now, however, it seemed as if there was more truth in it than had previously been thought. By some it was made to look as if Christianity was no more than Essenism brought up to date; and the idea was eagerly seized on in certain anti-Christian quarters and turned into a deliberate attack. Christianity, it was alleged, had at last been explained and exposed. 'The rise of Christianity', one popular writer informed us, 'should at last be generally understood as simply an episode of human history rather than propagated as dogma and divine revelation'.

Essenism and Christianity

Naturally, such a conclusion provoked vigorous opposition. It was pointed out at once that the parallels on which the argument rests are not nearly as close, when examined carefully, as a casual list, such as I have just given, might lead anybody to suppose: there are differences as well as agreements, and the differences have to be accounted for. It was pointed out, too, that both Essenism and Christianity were developments of orthodox Judaism: a high proportion of the parallels can therefore easily, and most reasonably, be accounted for as derived from a common source. In any case, it was obvious that those who were making the most of them were actuated rather by anti-Christian bias than a genuine concern for scholarship: indeed, the most vociferous were not scholars at all and were incapable of dealing with the many technical questions involved.

In this situation, all but the most violently partisan must welcome the appearance of a collection of essays entitled *The Scrolls and the New Testament**. The editor is a young Scandinavian, Krister Stendahl, now teaching at the Harvard Divinity School, and already well known for his *The School of St. Matthew*. There are, in *The Scrolls and the New Testament*, thirteen separate essays by eleven different authors of different nationalities and different religious allegiances. The essays were not written specially for the book. All but two were originally published in various learned journals, at various dates, and in various languages; but all now appear in English and several have been extensively revised. They range from a general treatment of 'The Significance of the Qumran Texts for Research into the Beginnings of Christianity' by Dr. Oscar Cullmann of Basel, to a highly exact study of the phrase 'Peace among Men of God's Good Pleasure: Lk. 2, 14' by Father Vogt of the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome. The editor himself contributes 'An Introduction and Perspective', which sums up the present position as he sees it.

* S.C.M. Press. 35s.

Needless to say, the scholarship of the contributors is unquestionable. None the less, my own impression is that there is more unanimity on the basic assumptions than the facts at present warrant. What I mean is that all the contributors seem to accept too easily as their point of departure what I have described as 'the majority opinion' that scrolls, caves, and monastic ruin are all interconnected, that the non-biblical documents were all originally produced (as well as the scrolls themselves written) by the community which lived in the monastery, that that community was Essene, and that both the scrolls and the documents of which they are copies are therefore pre-Christian.

Pre-Christian Documents?

For myself, I am convinced that the scrolls (and consequently the documents of which they are copies) *are* pre-Christian, and that they were written for the most part in the scriptorium of the Qumran monastery. But I am less certain that all the non-biblical documents were composed by members of the community there—after all, the biblical documents clearly were not, and I do not see why, of necessity, the non-biblical should have been; and I am even more uncertain about the community being Essene. Other scholars, as eminent as Dr. Stendahl's contributors, have reached other conclusions. For example, Dr. Rabin, of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, has recently maintained that the Qumran community were conservative Pharisees; and my colleague in Oxford, Dr. G. R. Driver, not only identifies the authors of the non-biblical documents with the Zealots, but also disputes the connexion suggested between the caves and the ruin, and dates the origins of the documents in the second Christian century. So we have to be careful. The foundations are not nearly as decisively established as a reading of Dr. Stendahl's book *and nothing else* might lead us to suppose. In any event, nothing like the whole of the material discovered has yet been published, much less studied in the light of all the possible ramifications. Consequently, what is now 'the majority opinion' may have to be modified, if not abandoned. There is as yet no assured frame of reference for comparisons between the scrolls and the New Testament.

But, leaving this point aside, one thing emerges plainly from several essays—namely, that much depends on translation and that the particular translation given often reflects the standpoint of the translator. I have already referred to the difficult passage about 'the Teacher of Righteousness arising at the end of the days'. Personally I take the view that 'Teacher of Righteousness' was a title used in the community for an accredited teacher —any accredited teacher at any time: the reference, therefore, seems to be to the particular eschatological Teacher who was expected to appear in the last times. But some of those who are concerned to stress the parallels between Qumran and Christianity take the verb *'md* here (literally 'stand'—I have translated it 'arise') in the special sense of 'resurrection'. If, then, you also maintain, as many do, that each time a 'Teacher of Righteousness' is mentioned in the documents the reference is always to the original founder of the community, you produce at once an excellent parallel—*the* Teacher of Righteousness had been persecuted and done to death, and his resurrection and return were expected at the End. There are many such examples. Interpretation, as we know, inevitably influences translation. And if we have no direct access to the Hebrew texts of these documents we should be on our guard against an unquestioning trust in *any* translation.

This brings me to parallels in general—and differences. Both the Qumran authors and the early Christians entertained what I have called 'high' eschatological and Messianic expectations. Yet whereas the Christians expected a single Messiah (the Jesus they knew already) there is much talk in the Qumran literature of two Messiahs—'the Messiahs of Aaron and Israel'. Again, the Christians attached atoning significance to the death of Jesus: there is no evidence that any such significance was ever attached to the death of the founder Teacher of Righteousness. The Christians repudiated the strict observance of the Sabbath: the community at Qumran had the most precise regulations about Sabbath observance. And so one might go on. Different people will assess these differences differently; yet, whatever their exact relationship, it can hardly be denied that Christian theology and practice as attested by the New Testament were far from identical with the theology and practice attested by the Qumran documents. The fairest assessment seems to me to be that both were independent, though admittedly parallel, offshoots of the parent Jewish tree.

And, finally, a word about the bearing of all this on what is called the 'truth' of Christianity. Most people who are disturbed by what they hear and read about the new discoveries seem to take it for granted that the 'truth' of Christianity depends on its 'originality': what in Christianity is found also elsewhere detracts from its 'uniqueness' and in consequence destroys its 'truth'. That such a view has been shown to be widely held only proves how far removed is the popular mind in these matters from the academic. For the last fifty years, and more, New Testament scholars have spent much of their time assiduously collecting parallels from outside the New Testament (Strack-Billerbeck's monumental *Commentary on the New Testament from the Talmud and Midrash* is a case in point). Comparison with the Qumran material, therefore, involves no new departure so far as method is concerned: what is new is the material, and its illustrative value is immense. Moreover, Christianity has never made any claim to be 'original' in the sense that is often imagined: quite the reverse. The earliest Christians saw 'the things concerning Jesus' as the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy: they, not the Jews, were the legitimate heirs to the promises made to the patriarchs: their 'Church' was 'the Israel of God'. The ultimate truth or falsity of these affirmations depends on a number of considerations that it is not my function to deal with now. I can only say, in conclusion, that I cannot myself see how either their truth, or their falsity, can be either established, or affected in any way, by a comparison of the New Testament with the material from Qumran—even granted all the parallels that can possibly be drawn.—*Third Programme*

It's My Turn Now

Unscrupulous charmer, I remember how,
When first we were friends,
You talked of others you had known,
And of their different ends.

How all came right, of course,
In the happy end, through love,
And how you could look back on them and smile
At the mad days they are a memory of.

How well, poor fool, I thought I understood
Your meaning then, and willingly commended
The power you used to conquer them;
Yet wondered how they really ended.

I had a feeling that their lesson
Must have been like this:
A raking emptiness that cannot thrive again
On love's abstraction, the rejecting kiss.

Now I seem to hear you talk to them
At gay next meetings, like a song,
Or to the new victims who seek you out
Of the queer fool I was, of 'what went wrong'.

And it will all have been
For the best, really, although
It was tough it had to happen in that way;
And they'll agree with you that it was so.

I can see that one commiserate, and smile,
This one laugh, and the new one listen, rapt and dumb,
As I did, so little understanding
That another's turn could come.

JAMES KIRKUP

Building in the vast new residential area of south-west Moscow

The Dilemma of Soviet Architecture

By CLEEVE BARR

FEW architects in the world, now or in history, have had greater opportunities for practising their art than post-war Soviet architects. Yet nowhere today is there greater confusion in design or lack of aesthetic conviction. At the recent Congress of the International Union of Architects in Moscow, and in a subsequent visit to Kiev, I was able to discuss this apparent contradiction with a number of Russian architects, and it was illuminating to have a 'live' commentary on what one sees published in Russian architectural journals.

The Soviet architects seem to me to be faced with not one but a whole series of contradictions and dilemmas, which are going to take a generation at least to sort out. The post-war Soviet output of buildings has been prodigious. The immense destruction wrought by the war has largely been made good, and some 1,700 devastated towns have been rebuilt. In housing, until 1956, about 7,000,000 new flats were provided in towns and nearly 6,000,000 houses in rural areas. This is an average annual rate of output of just under six dwellings for every 1,000 of the population, compared with only four and a half dwellings for every 1,000 in Great Britain; in spite of the fact that, in Britain, housing has consistently received priority, whereas in Russia the opposite was the case until the famous Party Congress in February 1956. In Russia the emphasis has been on heavy engineering and industrial buildings and on new public and administrative buildings — theatres, stations, squares, parks, wide streets, and public monuments of all kinds—a real spree for architects with a strongly monumental and historical training.

The urban population of the Soviet Union, in the first ten years after the war, increased, by natural growth and by influxes from rural areas, by 45 per cent.—a vivid indication of the rate of new building required. But the number of architects per head of population is many times fewer than in Great Britain, so that in his first few years out of school, a Soviet architect may find himself designing and rebuilding a whole section of a city, and running a contract immensely bigger than the majority of young architects in Britain are likely to have in a lifetime.

What is the cause of the admitted malaise from which Soviet architecture is suffering? It is certainly not lack of work. The first big indication of trouble was a resolution of the State Committee on Building of the Soviet of Ministers in August 1954. This strongly criticized the Moscow city architect's office, among others, for failing to achieve its planned output of projects for three years in succession, for spending too long on individual designs and failing to use standardized plans to speed up production. It blamed architects for using slow, traditional, and expensive methods of building, and for failing to make adequate use of reinforced-concrete factory-made elements, which were then being produced in quantity.

'A new and good experimental housing scheme in New Cherëmushki, south-west Moscow, which is so completely Scandinavian in form that it presents a surprising contrast to the rigid surrounding pattern of eight-storey flats' (see photograph at the top of the page)

In the eighteen months leading up to the twentieth Party Congress in 1956, there was a whole series of resolutions from the state committee on building

and from the central committee of the Party on the need for eliminating extravagance and waste in planning and building. Conferences of architects, engineers, and building workers were held at all levels all over the country, including a famous seven-day congress of the Union of Architects itself in November 1955. The architects confessed their faults: they had 'mechanically applied Renaissance solutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to modern town plans . . . and forms derived from the past and from literature . . . without taking account of the intrinsic nature of contemporary building . . .' and so on. A new leadership of the union was elected, and directed to take all necessary steps to eliminate these weaknesses.

In November 1955, the city architect for Moscow, Vlassov, and his deputy, Chichulin, were abruptly dismissed from their posts during their absence on a delegation to New York. There is little doubt that this served as a warning to the profession that the Government was serious indeed in its demand for economy and for the immediate introduction of large-scale mechanization and standardization in building.

The major reform was taken by the Government immediately after the twentieth Party Congress. This was the abolition of the old Academy of Architecture and its merger with a new 'Academy of Building and Architecture of the U.S.S.R.' The order of words in the title is significant. This new academy embraces all scientific and research institutes in any way connected with building. It has a research staff of about 8,000 scientific workers, and is also charged with the duties of studying both Soviet and foreign building experience, of carrying out experimental building, and of preparing cadres of highly qualified scientific building workers.

The results of this political shake-up of the profession were, first, a combing-over of all town plans and of current building programmes to 'eliminate excesses'. As a result, architects saved some 10 milliard roubles, or over 2 per cent. of the total building programme for 1955-56.

Secondly, standardization, in the form of completely standardized buildings, has been accepted as the basis of future building development. During 1956 and 1957, over 5,000 architects, engineers, and builders participated in all-union competitions for standard designs for blocks of flats, rural houses, schools, hospitals, cinemas, railway stations, and other building types. The winning designs have now been selected and these will be the basis of building programmes all over the Soviet Union for a period of five to six years. It is estimated that economies in hospital construction will be made amounting to 15 to 20 per cent. of the total cost, without affecting standards. In new cinemas, in spite of the introduction of wide screens, stereophonic sound, and air-conditioning, there will be a saving of 30 per cent. in floor space. In standardized housing, savings of 15 per cent. of cost were expected on plans approved during 1957, with a full 20 per cent. reduction in overall costs to be made in future years.

In housing the kind of economies involved are the reduction in heights and sizes of rooms (except in special climatic zones) to dimensions comparable with British practice; the elimination of plaster cornices and rosettes; the use of three-, four-, and five-storey blocks without lifts instead of taller blocks, the use of terraces for rural housing, and so on. Architectural and planning measures alone are expected to yield a 10 per cent. reduction in costs, and the remaining 5 per cent. is to come from the mechanization and standardization of building.

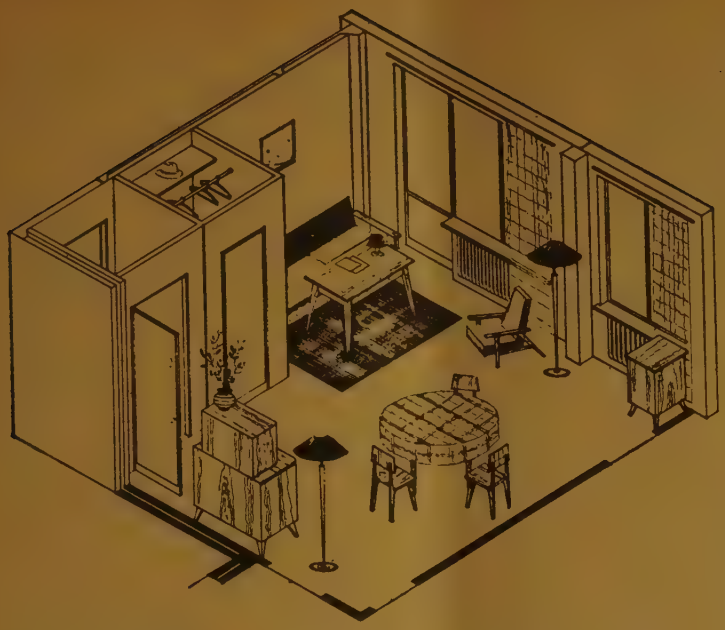
This brings me to the third, and perhaps the most important, result of the big shake-up. The mechanization of building and rapid site-assembly of light-weight factory-produced components is a priority item in the current five-year plan. In both Moscow and Kiev I saw pilot schemes for factory-made, reinforced-concrete construction for housing, which are certainly as advanced as anything in Britain and possibly more advanced. In the larger cities, factories already exist which are producing pre-cast concrete units for walls, roofs, and floors, on a twenty-four hour a day, conveyor-belt system. These are being adapted to produce the new standard designs. Many British architects would envy their Soviet colleagues the opportunity of designing for such techniques. But I found no great enthusiasm among Soviet architects on this account.

It is difficult to understand the situation without recalling something of the pre-war background of Soviet architecture. At the time of the revolution there was no great living tradition of fine architecture in Russia, as there was in music, or the theatre, or in ballet. The traditions of the native religious architecture, as of the baroque, were no longer vital. (Incidentally, Russian restoration work since the war, on churches, palaces, and other historical buildings, is magnificent, and unsurpassed in any country in the world.) The early 'twenties were occupied by the aftermath of civil war, by manifestos and polemics. But roughly coincident with the first five-year plan, 1928-32, the gay, brittle period now labelled 'constructivism' developed, to which architects all over the world looked for inspiration. Among others, the three Vesnin brothers and Ginsberg, and Shchusev the architect of the Lenin mausoleum, became internationally famous. Foreign architects, like Le Corbusier and Ernst May, were also engaged and executed brief commissions.

Unfortunately, the primitive state of the Soviet building industry was unable adequately to supply either the materials or the techniques on which Western contemporary architectural thought was based, and these technical difficulties were a big factor in arousing political opposition to experiment. It was a rationalization of increasing failure. Furthermore, political opinion and the party propagandists began to interpret the slogan 'the heritage of the working classes' to mean that the people should have access to forms of art which the bourgeoisie had enjoyed before. So the old Academicians were brought back to disinter the outward trappings of the historical styles, and they have remained firmly in the saddle ever since, dominating the lines of architectural thought in public offices as in the schools. One can hardly wonder that they have failed to meet the demands for economy, for standardization and for mechanization on the scale of the present Soviet industrial expansion.

Central hall and platforms of the Kropotkinskaya underground station, Moscow

How significant and lasting are the indications of architectural change today? Change in architectural thought cannot have immediate effect on work on the building sites. The preparation of drawings and building work for an average project may take at least three or four years. Yet I saw



Sectional drawing of one of the flats at the Moscow building exhibition

nothing, even in the project stage, to indicate the development of any original architectural thought. The furious reworking over of projects designed since 1955 led mainly to the elimination of surface ornament. On the other hand, I did observe evidence of the study of foreign work by the Academy and of the influence of British and Scandinavian housing in particular on current Russian schemes. For example a new and good experimental housing scheme in New Cherëmushki, south-west Moscow, is so completely Scandinavian in form that it presents a surprising contrast to the rigid surrounding pattern of eight-storey flats, in square street blocks, enclosing large internal courtyards. In the experimental sector, eight-storey point-blocks are contrasted with low, gable-ended, four-storey blocks, set freely in a delightful landscape of shrubs, trees, and grass, with informal pathways and children's paddling pools. The blocks in this experimental sector will form the prototypes on which a large part of the housing in Moscow and throughout the Soviet Union will be standardized, in design and in methods of construction, for the next five to six years.

Another indication of the influence of the West is provided by a series of furnished flats in the permanent building exhibition in Moscow, now under the direction of the new Academy. Until recently, furniture and furnishings in the Soviet Union have been, by western standards, incredibly drab and old-fashioned. Shops and homes are still cluttered with exactly the kind of heavy furniture and hangings and tablecloths fringed with bobbles which were common in England before the first world war. But the rooms in this Moscow exhibition might well have come straight from the so-called 'contemporary' stands at a recent British Ideal Home Exhibition. The designs of furniture, fabrics, plastics, sinks, sanitary fittings, and so on, are again entirely derivative from the West; but no matter—they are generally good. Again, these exhibits are prototypes for a production of, literally, millions of standard units, for which factories are now being laid down.

In connexion with the Congress in Moscow, an excellent exhibition was arranged on the post-war reconstruction of towns in all the various countries participating. In the British exhibit, Coventry and Harlow interested the Russians most, and the building which excited the most comment, architecturally, was the new Coventry cathedral.

In discussion, Soviet architects now compete with each other to discredit extravagance and excesses in ornamentation. I was interested, in this context, to find that several young Moscow architects, whom I spoke to independently, thought that the Kropotkinskaya was the best of the underground stations. This has a central hall, between platforms, which is all white, with no surface ornamentation of any kind, relying for its effect on the simplicity of form of the columns which expand at the top, mushroom-like, to support the roof. I wondered if this was an indication that Soviet architects have yet again to pass through a period of revolutionary fire before they can burn out of their system all the megalomaniac excesses and vulgarity of so much of their post-war architecture.

Moscow had several exhibitions on show of the winning designs in current architectural competitions. The most interesting was for a children's recreational park in south-west Moscow, in which there were models of informal park layouts and waterways in the Regent's Park tradition, and a variety of concert halls, and sports buildings which made full use of the exciting structural forms of modern engineering. The chief exhibition, however, which contained the premiated designs in the competition for a new Palace of the Soviets was most disappointing. All schemes were dominated by symmetry and classical feeling (even two, which, like the Soviet pavilion at Brussels, were contained within glass external walls), and most were crudely neo-classical, and similar in style to the heavy public buildings of fascist Germany and Italy.

An exhibition of students' work at the Moscow architectural school was of special interest as a possible indication of future trends. In this, historical stylism had gone, although history is still taught in five out of six years. The bulk of designs seemed not greatly dissimilar from those of schools in Britain. The students evidently work harder, judging by their output, and show a higher standard of draughtsmanship, although in a technique which we would regard as time-wasting and old-fashioned. Frank Lloyd Wright and the great Italian engineer, Nervi, were obviously popular influences—and it is significant perhaps that these two men should have been studied. Bearing in mind the extent to which Soviet building in the coming years is to be standardized and industrialized, there was little reflection of this in the students' work—less, in fact, than in British schools. Whether the students, once qualified, will adapt themselves happily and efficiently remains to be seen.

I would say that Soviet architects can meet their immense opportunities today if only they can free themselves from classicism and base their art on a frank acceptance of industrial mass-production and machine techniques, together with a more scientific approach to functional analyses of human needs. The existence of national and regional economic plans, and the absence of private ownership of land, makes possible a positive town-planning and reconstruction on a scale far wider and greater than we know in the West.

Under pressure of political and economic criticism, the whole fabric of the so-called 'socialist-realist' architectural philosophy, which was actually pseudo-classical, has collapsed. Its monuments, alas, remain—and how monumental they are! The country is overloaded with architectural white elephants and ornate pomposities. For a quarter of a century Soviet architects have condemned contemporary Western architecture as poverty-stricken, barren, and unworthy of the name of art. Now they are finding a good deal to learn from it—in economics, in technique, and in aesthetics too. Their pacemakers in this are the new building scientists and engineers, and if the architects fail to adapt themselves to the new order they will be gobbled up or left on one side.—*Third Programme*

Icarus

Make no mistake, for all his crazy plan,
When the soft wax merged with his body's sweat
And toy wings flayed and flaked to the sea's fret
Where the contracted earth dilating span
Upward its tilted onslaught, his blood ran
Colder than earth's glimpsed poles in its regret,
Not knowing that success would still have set
A pattern of the failure doomed to man.

Suspending gravities by which we move,
How could a void eternity restore
To cancelled flesh its weight of pain or love?
His failure plunged to triumph out of space
When with a bladed arm the ocean tore
His shattered body back to earth's embrace.

RAYMOND WILSON

Eye Disorders and the Artist

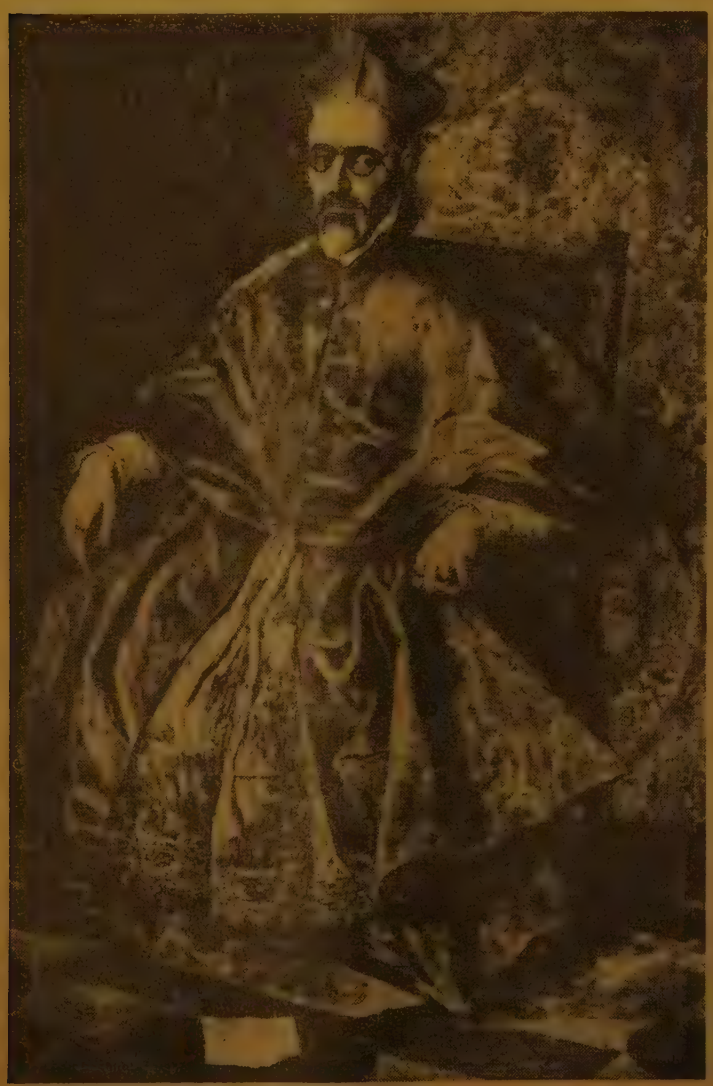
By AN EYE SURGEON

TOWARDS the end of last century the mysteries of biology were, one by one, becoming reduced to a simple organic explanation, and on the crest of this wave of iconoclasm, religion and the fine arts seemed ready victims. So we find that the revered paintings of the past were being blithely dismissed as the products of a miscellany of eye-diseases: astigmatism, cataract, colour-blindness, and so on. Nowadays these rather frail mechanistic interpretations have gone out of fashion, as psychology has 'come in', and from this comfortable new pastime of nibbling away at the artist's ego no one bothers much now with those crude old organic interpretations. But the trouble is that one cannot dismiss them as easily as all that. So let me look quickly through the evidence, such as it is, remembering always that these explanations could apply only to naturalistic paintings, which have been of secondary concern in most periods and most cultures.

First, the eye disease that has given rise to the most famous and the least convincing of all these theories: astigmatism. The eyeball is rarely, if ever, an exact sphere, and a little flattening in any axis will inevitably reduce the height of the retinal image in that axis, making it seem disproportionately broad; and in the same way the consciously perceived image in the brain, which corresponds to the retinal image, will be broader too. Astigmats, then, see objects as broader or as taller than they really are if their eyeball is a little flattened from above, downwards or sideways. Astigmatism is an almost universal disease, but the first correcting spectacle lens was fashioned by Sir George Airy only in the eighteen-thirties, although it had been referred to fifty years earlier when a German high-school teacher declared: 'Experience tells me that I have a somewhat exaggerated impression of the object in comparison with its height'.

El Greco is the classically quoted instance, for in nearly all his paintings there is a vertical elongation; but they have enough added obliquity to make his characters seem to be in danger of sliding off the bottom right-hand corner of his canvases; and this distortion is immediately removed if his pictures are photographed through a one-degree astigmatic lens at an axis of fifteen degrees off the vertical. Hans Holbein the younger, who tends to broaden his paintings along the horizontal axis, as in the familiar painting of a very wide Henry VIII, is a better instance because we find that his tendency to horizontal elongation is equally apparent with recumbent figures, who become therefore tall and thin, and not, like Henry VIII, broad and fat. There are many other elongators who have at one time or other been dragged into this category —generally with very little justification.

The answer is that, whereas the consciously perceived image will indeed be appropriately elongated by an astigmatic eye, when the artist projects it back on to paper it will automatically



Metropolitan Museum, New York

Otto Ahlström

Left: 'Portrait of the Grand Inquisitor, Don Fernando Nino de Guevara', by El Greco. Above: the same painting photographed through a one-degree astigmatic lens at an axis of fifteen degrees off the vertical

re-emerge in its proper shape; and the subject and rendering must correspond, however distorted the image becomes within the artist's brain. That is essentially true, but it is true also that if one makes oneself astigmatic by wearing an astigmatic spectacle lens, and then draws a circle 'out of one's head', it comes out as an oval—elongated along the axis of the lens; and if one draws a perpendicular to the edge of the paper, it develops a corresponding tilt.

These discrepancies are probably due to intellectual compensations that can be explained away; but one is left with a lingering doubt that, whereas nearly all elongations in painting, in however constant an axis they are for the particular artist, are obvious mannerisms, nevertheless such a distortion could conceivably have been organically provoked to begin with, and then stereotyped and exaggerated as a mannerism in the affected artist or as a fashion in his followers. Probably not, but there is one astigmatic artist I know who destroyed all his pre-spectacle paintings because the lines seemed so uncompact; and another who volunteered that he always tended to draw his vertical lines slightly oblique, since truly vertical lines always seemed to 'shimmer'.

In another category comes another so-called 'error of refraction'—myopia or short-sightedness. Here, beyond his limited near-range of good vision, which will normally include the canvas or drawing-board, the short-sighted artist will find that objects become increasingly blurred, with colours running together in curious blends and unusual washed-out values; only the essential lines of form and contour provide the clues that allow him to identify the object under examination; and such lines frequently take the jazz mathematical shapes of cubism, the distant world being conceived in patterns that are essentially geometric. This appearance of the world is really the same as the peripheral vision of normal-sighted people: in other words, when we look out of the corner of our eyes; and it is the appearance used by artists whose primary aim is for effects of mass, line, colour, and symbolism; just as it can be used by the lazy or the immature (as in primitive or child art); while it became a finely-wrought tool in the hands of the Impressionist school.

The effects of myopia capitalized by the Impressionist school: 'Sous Bois' (1925), by Matisse

In this connexion it is interesting to note that at the turn of the century, among 128 masters and pupils at the fine-arts school in Paris, 48 per cent. were short-sighted, and 27 per cent. long-sighted; whereas in the population at large it is the long-sighted who are about three times as numerous; and certain recent artists have recorded that they could continue good paintings only if their myopic glasses were weaker than clear vision would have required.

It is surprising how many of the Impressionists were in fact myopic: Monet probably, but certainly Cézanne and Degas; and the indirect evidence from biographies of some others like Renoir is fairly conclusive, particularly when Vollard describes how at sixty-four, when none of us who are not myopic can hope to read at near-range without convex spectacles, Renoir liked to examine petit-point close-to, taking it in his hands; and we know that he wore no spectacles. Pissarro was also short-sighted, although his sight was further confounded by the corneal scars of ulcers that had plagued him in childhood; and so also, it is recorded, were Derain, Braque, Matisse, and Dufy, not to mention others less familiar, like the Polish painter Matejko whose tell-tale concave glasses are conveniently preserved for us in the Cracow museum.

Lastly, in this group, may I include the stage-designer Gordon Craig, who was indeed so myopic that Isadora Duncan is said to have complained angrily how he failed to recognize her across the breakfast table. His biographer describes how he always loved greys and browns, very low in tone, but his other myopic legacy—the emphasis of structure and loss of distracting detail—is even more a characteristic of his designs. His new approach to stage-designing may well have been abetted by his myopia, with the sets of Reinhardt and Jacques Copeau coming naturally in his wake—an influence that is widely apparent today. The German painter George Grosz, who made his *tour-de-force* by representing Christ on the Cross in a gas mask and wellington boots, goes about wearing a pair of binoculars which his myopia forces him to use constantly. So Cubism must have come easily for him.

One other aspect of short-sightedness is worth mention here. The longer wavelengths of light, comprising the red end of the spectrum, are refracted less than the short, blue wavelengths, and so come to a focus rather behind the normal retina, with the blue and violet rays just in front of the retina. So myopes, with their longer eye-ball (like a folding camera pulled out too far) will focus better on red objects, and long-sighted people, whose eye-ball is abnormally short, will correspondingly focus better on blue; and a Swiss oculist once claimed that he had diagnosed correctly the refractive error of a number of his compatriot painters purely on the preponderant colours that they used.

There is only a little to say about long-sightedness, and particularly the secondary long-sightedness of old people known as 'presbyopia' that makes them so dependent on reading-glasses; but this too is not unimportant. For a fuzziness, or what art-historians would call 'breadth', is apparent in the latest paintings of long-lived artists like Titian and Rembrandt, who could hardly have been able to focus at all clearly on the canvases they were painting within arm's length. Do not let me imply that I believe this change in style was due solely to a receding near-point of clear vision; but at least it is credible that we should to some extent give this natural long-sightedness the blame, or perhaps indeed the credit, for the change.

Colour-blindness, when this is severe, would hardly permit painting of any merit; but one man in every twenty has poor differentiation of red and green, and the large majority of these are happily unaware that anything at all is wrong. The effect of colour-blindness on artists was first raised in 1871 when Liebreich noted, at the London exhibition of that year, how with certain

painters the roof-tops and the oxen (one suspects that 1871 was a peak year for such subject-matter) were depicted as red on the well-lit side and green on the darker side. This so-called 'sign of Liebreich' of the red-green colour-blind was emphasized by subsequent writers; and in 1908 a Neapolitan professor gave an exhibition of the paintings of three such colour defective artists. He particularly noted how on one canvas a naked child, sitting in the shadow, had come out entirely green (and this particular artist admitted that red and pale green both seemed grey to him); also how the tree-leaves, when lit by the sun, were not yellow-green but bright yellow, while those in the shade were blue-green or seemed entirely blue.

Colour-blind painters, it seems, generally try to attenuate their failing by reducing their colour content, and their pictures often seem a little melancholy. Whistler, with his nocturnes, is an alleged example of this, and so is Carrière, with those faces of his dimly emerging from his paintings like ghosts from the darkness. Grottger, the Polish master of pencil and charcoal, is another, and well-established, instance, since he conceded that colours were right out of his reach. On the other hand, a minority of colour-defectives blithely ignore their weakness, and their colours tend to be exalted (and sometimes rather irresponsible) in consequence. In 1933 a German oculist called Strebel claimed that at an exhibition of paintings by Léger he was so struck by the blue-yellow predominance with clay-coloured backgrounds that he diagnosed a red-green colour-blindness, promptly sought out and tested the artist, and found that he was right. Two famous living painters (who must remain anonymous) are also known to be red-green colour blind.

Three paintings by a boy with damaged sight who could see only a very small area of the canvas at a time, showing successive stages in his artistic development

From V. Lowenfeld in the 'Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism'

Then there is Constable, who kept insisting on his preference for the 'exhilarating freshness of spring' while remorselessly turning out those autumnal landscapes, and before whose overcast skies the protesting Fuseli once startled the Academy by calling for his greatcoat and umbrella. It has been argued that he, too, was a red-green colour-defective.

Next we have cataract. This is simply an opacity of the lens of the eye, a natural senile change, similar to the whitening of the hair; it gradually progresses till the observer can see the white 'cataractous' lens clearly behind the pupil although in most old people it is so slow a change that they never live long enough to experience more than a little progressive blurring of vision. In addition to an overall mistiness, the advancing cataract may selectively absorb the shorter spectral wavelengths, starting with the violet and blue end of the spectrum; and ultimately permit little beyond the red rays to reach the retina. Conversely, after the cataract has been extracted by an operation, to the patient who has adapted himself to a rosy view of the world the excluded blue rays will often flood in and so change his red vision into a temporary blue vision. One recent authority was indeed so struck with this colour-change after his cataract had been removed that he has preserved in a bottle the brown cataract that was responsible. There is no doubt about this colour change, although only certain types of cataract provoke it, and one of my colleagues has exhibited paintings of an identical scene, done before and after operation, showing an unforgettable colour contrast.

It was Liebreich again, in 1871, who in a paper to the Royal Institution first picked on Turner and Mulready and attributed the increasing redness and blurriness of their later paintings to the inroads of a senile cataract. There is little evidence from Turner's biographies of all this; but perhaps the 'surgeon-dentist and cupper' who tended him in his final illness may have been a little weak on ophthalmology. It is indeed true that if we look at some of Mulready's earlier paintings through a yellow glass, the tones immediately correspond to those duller, browner tones of his latest works. Verrio is another candidate, the evidence of whose cataract Mr. Croft-Murray has recently noted: a diagnosis that fits in well with his description of Verrio's ultimate decoration in Hampton Court of the Queen's drawing-room 'with its rather maladroit conception of Queen Anne in glory, attended on the walls by her stumpy husband and an appropriate dormant cupid, all in an ill-matched surfeit of pink colour'.

Then there was Monet. As he got older and his sight began to fail, his whites and his greens became increasingly yellowish, and the blues more and more purple. In 1923, when he was sixty-three, his cataract was extracted, and he started enthusiastically retouching his paintings, until all his friends and relations persuaded him to desist; and in 1926, after a few days of total blindness, he died. How interesting it would be to know whether, as one suspects, he was busy touching out the reds and oranges that had so insidiously slipped in.

Is this all true about cataract? I wonder. To some extent we encounter here the same primary difficulty as we faced in talking about astigmatism: that the subject and the rendering should correspond, however distorted the image which the brain perceives —although here in respect of its colour rather than its form. But there is this difference, that in cataract the distortion is not static but slowly changing, and the comments and paintings of some artists who have had their cataracts removed do sometimes, but not always, attest to this change.

The effect of a brown-tinted spectacle lens is to make all the bluish colours seem muddy and less sharply differentiated from each other; so the cataractous artist, who is in this sort of predicament, may well tend to avoid the blues, and to a lesser extent greens and violets, which have become less clear and less interesting. But over and above this I sometimes wonder whether the artist might yet attain a correct valuation of the seen world in spite of his disoriented percept; not, as in astigmatism, by intellect and touch, but by memory of exactly what pigments he habitually used; or particularly by a well-elaborated memory-image that would render of small consequence the transient colour-changes of the outer eye; any more than Beethoven's deafness impeded his original composition which derived from his long-digested imagery in sound.

There are many other eye-diseases I am tempted to invoke and other kites to fly. The portraits of Dürer and Guercino admit an unsightly squint, and their depth perception should surely be affected too. Reynolds suffered what was probably a retinal hemorrhage which might well have reddened his view; while he also had an enlarged liver which might literally have jaundiced it. But as it was thought that he got Lawrence to paint his red pictures and Daniel Gardner to paint the blue ones, it does not leave one much ground for conjecture. There is also Wyndham Lewis, whose pituitary tumour had gradually eroded his fields of vision till the 'sea-mist', as he poignantly put it, swept across the centre of his sight, and his days of painting were done. Lastly, there are all those strange paintings that Professor Lowenfeld collected of children with damaged sight, who often could see but a bare inch or two of the canvas at a time, and who built up piecemeal a purely expressionist portrait begotten from their own autoplastic images.

But I am slipping into deeper waters which are exciting but dangerous, and I should not have strayed so far from the solid shores of my exact science. If there are any conclusions to be drawn, they will be yours and not mine.

—Third Programme

Desiring and Acquiring a Motor-car

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

ONE thing I have found about motorists is that they are divided into two distinct classes: me, and all the other motorists. I expect you have noticed this too—only in your case it is *you* and all the others. It really is an odd thing, when you come to think of it, that you and I are the only people on the roads today with any idea whatsoever about how to handle a car. We take our lives in our hands practically every time we press the starter button. I don't know about you, but I spend the whole trip saying to my wife: 'Just look at that damn fool', or, 'I suppose this lunatic thinks he's got room to get past'. It's ceaseless. Not one of them has a clue. Cutting in, jumping the lights, blind corners at sixty . . . they're things I'd never dream of doing—well, I mean unless there was some absolutely life and death reason, like being late for a party, trying to get some cigarettes before the shops shut—something of that sort.

I put all the accidents down to these other people. In fact, looking back on my various insurance claims over the years—you know the form they send: one thing it wants to know, as well as all the other stuff about your grandmother's birth-marks, is this: 'Who, in your opinion, was to blame for the accident?' I can't once remember having to say that *I* was. Can you? That you were, I mean? Of course not. It's these other people. And did you ever see such manners? They think nothing of sliding into the parking space outside the grocer's that you had had your eye on ever since you left the fishmonger's, and they shout really appalling things out of the window, and always while you are still struggling to wind yours down. You've only got to tap them on the bumper and they are out of the car like a shot, with about six eye-witnesses, and a notebook and pencil all ready to take down the name of your solicitor. Terrible people, they are; and so many of them, and so few of you and me. I suppose that is the reason, really, that we two never seem to run across one another.

By the way, talking of windows, I had a ride in a marvellous car the other day, and I have decided to save up for one. Its windows worked with a lever, on some sort of counterweight system; none of that tedious winding; the window is down in a flash, and you can shout quite a long piece *and* get the window up again before the other chap's even started. I tell you, that's for me. Once I've got one of those, and a sign in the back window that lights up and says 'Clot!' I shall be a happy man.

What are we to do about all these blights of the road? Not much, I'm afraid. I mean, it's much too late to re-educate the existing motorist: he's still going to get to the petrol pump by a neat cut-in, and keep us with our back-end sticking out in the traffic while he takes on oil and water and petrol (with four of those mysterious squirts), and gets his batteries topped up and his tyres tested and his spotlight adjusted and his trousers pressed and anything else he can think of to put us into a raving temper. You can't teach an old road-hog new tricks. What we have got to think of is the 2,000,000 new cars we are going to have on the roads before Christmas—well, is it 2,000,000? I get awfully confused with all these noughts everywhere these days. If it's only 200,000 it's worth while giving them a tip or two from a couple of old hands like you and me. Then perhaps, at least once in a day's journey, we might meet a motorist with a bit of sensitivity—someone who can tell from the shape of our necks that if he passes us climbing a steep hill we are going to pass *him* or bust as soon as the gradient changes in our favour.

What seems so extraordinary to me is that this vast, untapped reserve of non-motorists still exists. I mean, look at any main road today. You would think that every population unit in the country already had about three cars each. But they do exist all right. In fact, I know one, personally: my window-cleaner. Because all our painters and plumbers and electricians always roll up in their private cars—oh, and the postman, too, on the days when he is being a gardener—but the window-cleaner comes by bike. Not that that will go on long, judging by the rates he charges. By Christmas he'll be one of the armchair travellers, one of the chaps we have to think about.

Another curious thing about the non-motorist is that he should ever desire to become a motorist. Why should he want to throw up his happy, easy-going life on trains and buses and bicycles and feet, and take over that crushing burden of anxiety that weighs the motorist down? The public-transport man today never had it so good. The railway's policy of shooting the fares up about every six months is doing wonders to make more room in the trains, and actually the fare from London to Brighton, say, is still only chicken-feed compared with doing the same trip by car, what with stops on the way to lay the dust, the ulcers and the bitten-through pipe-stems in the traffic jams, the tranquillizers and indigestion pills, the overheads, the backache, the rheumatism in the chest-muscles due to pressure from the back seats for more ventilation.

Well, I mean, I only hope my window-cleaner's listening to this. Look at a railway ride by contrast. A compartment to yourself, as likely as not, with your feet up, and a uniformed attendant graciously popping in with pots of tea. You don't have to keep stopping to ask the way, or chip the midges off the windscreen, or turn all your pockets out for some inquisitive young policeman. And, of course, absolutely no responsibilities. If the Brighton Belle hits the buffers, well *you're* not driving. Nobody's going to scream in your ear and say they will never come out with you again until you've had your eyes examined.

Why, then, this overwhelming passion for personal wheels? Vanity comes into it a good deal. What was it Dr. Johnson said: 'A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority . . .' No, do I mean that one? Just a minute. Yes, I know: 'Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having . . .' done something or other, I forget what, but it is obvious what the old man was getting at. And today, what with the liberal state of banking, and hire-purchase, and six garages in every street advertising cars with '£40 Drive Away' whitewashed on the windscreen, there is no earthly reason why any non-motorist should continue to feel conscious of an inferiority. He has only got to put his forty quid down to be as good as the next man. And it's the next man that he wants to impress, of course. Probably the happiest moment of his motoring life will be rolling up in his own car, with all the neighbours hanging out of the window, especially if he's remembered to sponge the inscription off the screen—though, naturally, the man

who is really keen to impress and who knows where to lay his hand on a bit of whitewash, can paint another figure in before the £40.

I think the other main reason for this fever to become a motorist is based on that wicked old fallacy that a man who has a car can go where he wishes when he wishes—but after he has it he only wishes he could. The fallacy is exposed at its most vicious when it comes to doing the shopping by car. This operation is one of the non-motorist's rosiest dreams—the leisurely round of butcher, greengrocer, stationer, haberdasher, the car rolling up to the very door, the polite assistants carrying out the parcels and laying them reverently on the back seat, the gracious wave and smile, and off again to the ironmonger's. I suppose you might do your motorized shopping like this in a new town in northern Siberia, still awaiting its population. In Haywards Heath, of which I sing, it is different. The nearest you get to rolling up to the door there is to leave the car at the next village and walk in.

I think it is safe to assume that anyone who was intending to acquire a motor-car, and who has listened to all this, and given it the consideration it deserves, will go and buy one just the same. I hope so, because it is going to save me an awful lot of stiff letters telling me I have done a mischief to the British motor industry.

Talking of that, there *are* other ways to buy a car, and the Motor Show is one of them—if you can get near it for people who have cars already. Just a word of warning here, though. Owing to modern publicity methods a lot of people think that if they buy a car at the Show they get an actress with it. But she is not standard equipment, and the chances are that when you get the car home you will find she's gone.

Or, of course, you can advertise: 'Small family car, mechanically perfect, coachwork excellent, reasonable'. This means reasonable from *your* point of view, by the way, not the man who is going to sell you the thing. Sometimes a bit of thought can improve an advertisement immensely. One effective form you often see begins: 'Could anyone help the overworked vicar of a large and straggling parish . . .?' Or again, I suppose you could answer an advertisement. Any motoring journal offers a choice of about 10,000, in thick columns of tiny black type; it is really just a matter of whether your eyesight is up to it, and how well you can make sense of the abbreviations. 'O.o.o.' means 'one owner only', whereas 'o.*n*.o.' means 'or near offer'. You can get into bad trouble confusing these, because the chap who is bragging about being a one-only owner gets very testy if you start trying to beat him down with a near offer.

If you are lucky enough to have many friends, and do not mind losing one, you might like to try buying a friend's car; but go into the thing with your eyes open, on the clear understanding that when the deal is over you will never want to hear his name mentioned again. I bought my last car but one from a friend—as he then was—and we were tremendously jolly about it. He pretended to be terribly frank: he started by warning me that his wife had learned to drive in this car, and that the gear-box was probably in ribbons; and I went through the gears and said that they seemed all right to *me*, and I said that, anyway, the car *looked* jolly nice, and he said, well, as a matter of fact, it was a mass of rust, really, but he had touched it up a bit, just for the sale, you know. And we both roared at that. And he said he thought there was a slow puncture in the nearside back tyre, and I kicked it and said, 'Rubbish, nothing the matter with that'; and he said one of the back doors didn't shut properly, and I said that as far as *I* could see it shut all right.

In the end he tried to knock £10 off the price—he said that sometimes, about once in a thousand miles, one of the plugs got oiled up. And I said, nonsense, what did he think I expected for seventy-five quid, and I paid him the money and drove off. I was hardly out of his gate before the back door swung open and hit a tree, and when I got out to look I saw the back tyre was flat, and when I got going again the engine wouldn't pull because one of the plugs was oiled up. As for the rust, it was there all right, and within a week it had burst through all over like the measles. However, to do him justice, it was over a month before I had to have the new gearbox put in.

As a matter of fact, car deals that touch a friend at any point, even indirectly, are best left alone. The sort of thing that happens is that you see a friend in a really delightful motor-car and he says he got it for £100 from the estate of a dear old lady who had kept it chauffeur-maintained for seven years but never used it because of travel-sickness. What's more, your friend says, there is another one just like it that the executors are simply desperate to sell; it seems that these two cars had stood side by side in a centrally-heated, brick-built garage, with no exercise at all but having their oil changed on the first of the month. So, naturally, you rush round with £100 out of the holiday money, and you snap it up and drive it off, and rather less than half-way home there is a shocking explosion amidships, and a shower of little wheels in the road—and it turns out that the one you've got was once in a collision at a level-crossing, and, ever since then, having its oil changed was the only exercise it *could* take.

Just one last word: these 5,000,000 people who are going to be on the road by Christmas—that's just a rough figure, actually—will have one big advantage over us old-timers. When we bought our first cars they had to be second-hand cars, from second-hand dealers; there was a degrading sort of pawn-shop atmosphere about it. However, this beastly traffic seems to have ceased now. I was looking through a few motoring magazines yesterday and there wasn't a second-hand car or a second-hand car-dealer to be seen. The lowest you can go now is used cars, and used-car dealers, and I must say, this really has raised the whole tone of things immensely.—*Home Service*

[*Next week J. B. Boothroyd will discuss Outlay and Upkeep*]

Learning from Sarah

By LEONARD CLARK

SHE was born in the year of the Indian Mutiny at High-town, Bridgnorth, and a proud Salopian she was, though there was nothing of the rebel about her. Apparently, to be born in High rather than Low town was of major and permanent importance in her day. It determined your station in life for ever. Her mother died before Sarah had even a memory of her face, though she recalled a quiet voice and a pair of small white hands. Her father, James Thomson, a sedate, bearded man of Old Testament appearance, was a wool stapler, and a master of his craft. On his side there had once been an Archbishop of York, William Thomson, Chaplain to Queen Victoria, so that when, years afterwards, I boasted of the fact, Sarah had gently to remind me that there had also been a member of the family who had been transported for sheep stealing. It is a nice thought that the Archbishop and the sheep-stealer had a common interest in flocks, if for different reasons.

James Thomson's work brought him to Kidderminster, where soon Sarah's hard-headed, close-fisted maiden aunt, who never tired of quoting the Archbishop, joined them. Then the aunt carried Sarah off to her home in Gloucester where she lived in some style in one of those dreaming houses in the Cathedral Close. When I was once plundering Sarah's workbox I came across a fading sepia photograph of her in her teens, holding on to the grim aunt's hand, though I think it would be more correct to say that the aunt was gripping hers. A stocky little thing she looked, with her determined eyes looking out bravely on to her motherless world from cascades of chestnut ringlets, with a sash, wide enough for a president, tied round the middle of her long white dress.

As soon as she was of any age Sarah was packed off to service, and went to work for wealthy families in London, where her good natural breeding and common sense soon enabled her to learn her way about their fashionable world. Both the ladies for whom

she worked, first as maid and then as companion, took to her and became her close friends until their death.

In the early eighteen-nineties Sarah met James George, a short, tidy, red-haired sapling of a man from the Forest of Dean, to which remote land of coal mines and trees they went to live when they were married. Three boys were born to them in the little town where they set up house. James worked for the Crown as one of its woodmen, and life looked very promising for him and his family. But, when the youngest was still a baby in arms, the year that saw the ending of the Queen also saw the sudden death of Sarah's dearly loved husband. So she was left with her three children in a stone, grey-slated cottage which had been built for them all, for about £400, only a year or so before James died. It had three small bedrooms, a parlour, a kitchen, a back kitchen, a lean-to shed, and a continent of a garden. It also had its own well of rainwater under the big table in the back kitchen.

Rhubarb Jam and Dandelion Wine

Sarah was not of the mettle to sit down with her sorrows. I have known her finish her washing before we had breakfast at half-past seven, and be ironing it the same day when we were all in our beds and the moon shining through the windows on to our coverlets and her candlelight. Until each boy could help her, it was Sarah who tilled the garden, and pickled the onions in autumn, and salted the beans down, and made the rhubarb jam and the dandelion wine. It was she who looked after the pig in the sty at the top of the garden and sent me safely away into hiding when the bloody day came for the killing. The little family had good friends and neighbours. One who lived next door was Sarah's confidante for nearly all her life. The two knew each other inside out and quarrelled endlessly. They were actually devoted to each other and pooled their resources, but Sarah could never cut bread and butter thin enough to please Mrs. Whittle, nor Mrs. Whittle wear shoes on her feet which satisfied Sarah. 'The way you dress your children up is fantastic', said Sarah. And Mrs. Whittle: 'You ought to cut down that mountain ash tree in the front'.

It was at an early stage of her widowhood that I arrived on her scene. There is no need for me to go into my story, but Sarah became my foster mother. Did I say foster? She was my mother in all but blood. There was some arrangement or other by which she was to be paid for looking after me, but often no money was sent. But, however hard the times, or however empty her purse, Sarah made no difference between me and her own. I was her Benjamin; and I owe everything in life to her.

They all came to fetch me, the new baby not much more than a year old, at the little wayside station of Newnham-on-Severn, on the main line from Paddington to South Wales. I was handed over to Sarah, struggling, tearful from the long journey from London, with my wicker basket of clothes, a letter, and the remains of an apple. She looked at me, and I do not remember it. I looked at her and said 'ah', and she never forgot it, nor that I put my hot arms round her and pillowed my head in her neck. In a buttercupped meadow next to the station a fête was being held. The local Silver Prize Band was playing *Pop Goes the Weasel*. I was heralded into Sarah's world with music from cornet and euphonium. As there is a continuance in all things, *Pop Goes the Weasel* was one of the first tunes with which I welcomed my son when he broke into our scene. And so, the four fatherless children came back to their home on a summer's evening, up the long hill from Newnham station, through the woody dingles, and over the warm fields.

I first became aware of what Sarah looked like on a day when I was grubbing for pig nuts in the meadow next to our garden. There she was with a pair of dangerous-looking shears, cutting the thorn hedge which separated us from the people next door. A bird was fussing in the long grass near me and the sun shone down on the forty-five-year-old head of Sarah's whitening hair. She was plump and full-bosomed, very country looking, and, until her later years, an active woman. She had great powers of endurance and faced up to the world four-square. She had merry eyes until sorrows clouded them, smooth skin softly fading, closely knit strong hands with fingers hilled and valleyed from much washing. She wore a serge skirt, a shining black blouse, the coarsest of aprons, and sturdy shoes which seemed part of the ground on which she was walking. Her wedding ring was almost part of the bone itself and her spectacles were, as always, tangled up in her hair.

But when Sarah went off to church on Sundays she knew the touch of bombazine and displayed a silver Victorian brooch at her throat with her gold watch ticking at the end of its closely woven chain on her breast. She had bought that watch when she was in London. And I lost it for her when I carried it off to school in pride and could never remember what I had done with it there. With her Sunday coat she wore a black straw hat with a spray of red cherries on it, which later came to bear the marks of my teeth, for I tried to chew them during the sermon. She smelled sweet, sometimes of lavender, sometimes of violet, but always to me she smelled like all the Sundays of the year.

From Sarah I learned what love is, for I must often have tried her patience and disappointed her. From her I learned about gardens, and birds, and hedgerows. She enjoyed all growing things with a childlike wonder and honoured their will to survive. It was she who encouraged me to use my eyes and ears and to wander at will along the country lanes and through the deep forests of my childhood. Her love spilled over into all she did; her taking on of me was one with the bringing to her fireside of battered bird and starved fieldmouse. Sarah believed in God as surely as she believed in her cottage loaves which always turned out as she intended. In spite of setbacks she tried to make a unity of life, for she hated untidiness of mind and frigidity of spirit. Until her last month on earth she struggled, with age bowing her back, to her pew in church, whatever the weather, whoever the vicar. Of one worldly cleric whom she scorned she said: 'He won't drive me away. I don't listen to him. I just say the old prayers to myself'.

It was from Sarah that I first heard the old folk songs, and stories and poems on winter nights, and all about May Day, Michaelmas, and Hallowe'en. She was born on a Christmas Day and that anniversary was a double occasion in our house. She often sang to me the songs of her childhood, for until her seventieth birthday she had a voice like water running over sun-caught pebbles. She had her own book of simples and recipes, she knew the weather signs and where to find the first wild strawberries. It was Sarah who introduced me to Gloucester Cathedral, the river Severn, the sea at Ilfracombe on a cheap day trip, and the cool, dim churches of my county.

A Special Day

When I think about her now I remember, in particular, a day in late September when I was about eighteen. We had been pickling walnuts all day, our fingers stained black with their juice. Our work over, we strolled to the top of the hill to see the sun set over the far, blue Welsh hills. She hung on to my arm, for rheumatism had slowed her up. We sat down on a seat to enjoy it all. The cathedral, the Severn, the trees, the valleys, faded into the starlight. 'It's nice to think', she whispered, 'that it will all still be there when I'm gone, and that you and yours will enjoy it'.

We went home with the last swallows still careering about the sky and sat at peace in the back kitchen. Then, apologising for her cracked and faltering notes, she began to sing *Auld Robin Gray*, but finished it in tears because she had not coped. With a sigh she went upstairs to bed. I stayed behind to bolt door and window for, with my foster brothers all away, I was now the man about the house. She called out one more goodnight from her room at the end of the landing, and it suddenly came over me that this was a special day, hallowed and golden, not for anything startling that had happened in it, but for what it had been of itself.

Sarah lived on until the first year of the new war. I was at her bedside when she died. She was being most tenderly nursed by one of her daughters-in-law. I watched her fighting bronchitis as bravely as she had fought poverty. I saw, as dawn broke, her face wax into death and her spirit merge into eternity. But for me Sarah's spirit has never died. It lives in me, and in mine, because she was, and because she loved. She was not grand but she was profound. She did not violate truth but always believed that greater truth lay behind the forms of this world. As Samuel Palmer wrote of William Blake, to walk with Sarah in the country was to perceive the soul of beauty.—*Home Service*

NEWS DIARY

October 29–November 4

Wednesday, October 29

Government's new town and country planning bill includes provision that local authorities must pay current prices for land acquired by compulsory purchase

Mr. Boris Pasternak, the Russian author, declines to accept the Nobel prize for literature

Airlift of British troops from Jordan is completed

Thursday, October 30

Government's proposals for assisting small farmers are published as a White Paper

Further acts of violence committed in Cyprus

Twelve survivors of disaster at Springhill colliery, Nova Scotia, are rescued after being trapped for six days

Nobel prize for medicine is awarded to three American scientists

Friday, October 31

Three-power conference on suspension of nuclear tests opens in Geneva

Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, in a statement to the Commons, says that crime in London has gone up by nearly one fifth during the first seven months of this year

General de Gaulle orders release of 1,000 Algerian prisoners from detention camps

Saturday, November 1

Seven more miners rescued alive from Springhill colliery, Nova Scotia

Over 500 people arrested during rioting in Aden, following imprisonment of two journalists for contempt of court

Sunday, November 2

Text is published of a letter from Mr. Boris Pasternak to Mr. Khrushchev, pleading to be allowed to remain in the Soviet Union

Heavy rain causes widespread flooding in southern England

Monday, November 3

Chancellor of the Exchequer tells Commons of Government's plan to increase public investment up to £150,000,000 within the next two years, to provide more employment

It is announced that Britain's information services oversea are to be substantially strengthened

French election campaign opens

General Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, replies to recent criticisms of Nato by Lord Montgomery

Tuesday, November 4

Government agrees to increases in service pensions and allowances from next April, on recommendation of Grigg Committee

Voting takes place in American elections

Gold and dollar reserves stand at highest figure for seven years

His Holiness Pope John XXIII being carried in procession into the Basilica of St. Peter's, Rome, for the four-hour ceremony that preceded his coronation on November 4. The crowning of the new Pontiff took place on the balcony in full view of the huge crowd in the square below. The whole ceremony was broadcast on sound and television in this country

Mr. John Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister, shaking hands with Mr. Harold Macmillan as he left 10 Downing Street on October 31. Mr. Diefenbaker has been on a week's visit to Britain at the start of a six-weeks' tour of Europe and the Commonwealth

The new circular retail market by Princess Alexandra of Kent corporation for shoppers' childre

The Greek and Turkish communities in Cyprus each celebrated a national anniversary last week: above *left,* Greek Cypriots, watched by security troops, at a rally in Metaxas Square, Nicosia, on October 28, the anniversary of Greece's rejection of Italy's ultimatum in the last war. Above *right:* Turkish Cypriots carrying a flag during festivities marking Turkish Independence Day, October 29

'entry which was opened on November 4 the right is a roundabout built by the he background (centre) is the spire of the thedral

Boris Christoff as he appears in the title role of Moussorgsky's opera *Boris Godunov* which opened the Royal Opera House's winter season on October 31. This new production is being sung in Russian

Right: a view into the restored Round Church of the Temple in the City of London (destroyed by bombs in 1941). The Queen and other members of the Royal Family will attend a service of re-dedication on November 7

Memories of South Africa

By SIR ARTHUR RICHMOND

AT the age of twenty-three, in December 1901, I was a clerk in the city earning £80 a year. One morning I found on my breakfast table an important-looking letter marked 'O.H.M.S.' and 'Colonial Office'. It was from one of the private secretaries of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and its purpose was to ask me if I would care to be considered for an appointment in the Transvaal under Lord Milner, who was our High Commissioner in South Africa and was recruiting a civil service in preparation for the time when the Boer War would come to an end. It came as a complete surprise, but I learnt afterwards that none of the civil servants in the Colonial Office had wanted to apply: the need to fill the vacancy was urgent and it had occurred to my friend that I might both care to go and be an acceptable candidate.

In a few days I presented myself, rather apprehensively, for interview. To my considerable surprise I was accepted, and within a matter of three weeks I had sailed from Southampton. Among the passengers on board the ship was a large contingent of young women who had volunteered to help start schools for Boer children in concentration camps. There was, too, one passenger whose personality soon made itself felt. His name was John Lockwood Kipling and he was the father of a famous son. He was then about sixty-four and his outstanding characteristic was his inexhaustible interest in people. He soon knew everyone on board, from the captain to the stokers in the engine-room as well as each one of the thirty teachers. As he was related to the painter Sir Edward Burne-Jones, an old friend of my family, and knew many of those who came to my father's house, he gave me the comforting feeling that the link with the world in England to which I belonged was not entirely severed.

When I reached Pretoria it was still under military control. It was unsafe to go outside the boundaries. No one was allowed out after dark without a pass, and more than once, when I had forgotten mine, I had an exciting time dodging sentries and military patrols as I made my way home after dining out. Once on returning from a camp outside the city I was shot at.

Although I had been appointed to serve under Lord Milner it was some months before I met him. He lived in Johannesburg and disliked Pretoria—possibly because of its prevailing atmosphere of hostility to the British, or its having been the capital of the Transvaal republic, and of its association with President Kruger. One day, however, he came over for a meeting in the room adjoining that in which I worked. Unexpectedly he came out, asked me to do something for him, and then stayed a moment to talk to me. His sudden appearance had taken me aback and I was shy and somewhat intimidated, but he made an impression on me greater than that of any man I had met before or have met since. Afterwards I met him frequently, and my first impression of his absolutely single-minded sincerity only grew stronger the more I saw of him.

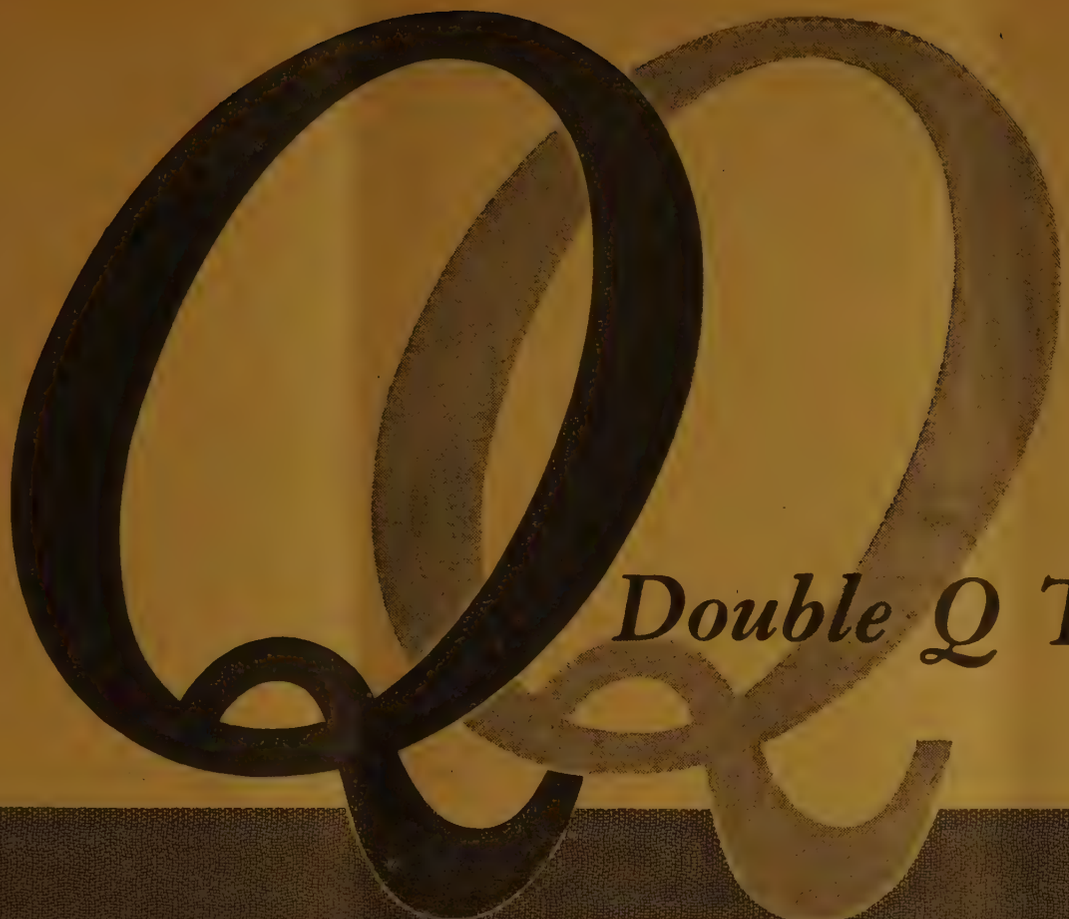
Lord Milner in 1901: a portrait by H. de T. Glazebrook
National Portrait Gallery

'I met Boers . . . who at the outbreak of war had sworn that they would never cut their hair till the British had been driven into the sea'

For the first few months after I arrived and while the war was still on there was not a great deal for a very raw and junior member of the staff to do. An early rebuff taught me that there was no one to whom I could look to teach me my duties and that I had entirely to rely on myself to discover what to do and how to do it. No one in my office knew Dutch, so as I had time on my hands I set to work to learn it and took lodgings in the house of a Dutch family. In this way I soon discovered how profound was the hostility felt for the British. My teacher lost no opportunity of impressing on me our national defects: the unscrupulousness of our foreign policy and our fundamental lack of honesty.

The family in whose house I lodged had let me a bed-sitting room—reluctantly and only because they needed the money, and they would have nothing whatever to do with me; they never spoke a single unnecessary word to me and showed by their ostentatious silence that they disliked having me in their house. That experience gave me some idea of the immense difficulty there would be in healing the breach between Boer and British after the war. In those early days I learned, too, something of the other problem that bedevils the life of South Africa—that of the relations between the white man and the black. Before the Boer war no Kaffir had been allowed to walk on the side-walk in a town. He had to walk in the roadway. I had not particularly noticed that they always, women as well as men, walked in the middle of the road when, one day, a Kaffir came towards me striding along the side-walk of the principal street in Pretoria. Instantly I felt a surge of indignation. I had not before been conscious of any colour prejudice; I hardly knew of the rule forbidding the use of the side-walk to black men, yet subtly and unconsciously I had been infected with the accepted view that blacks must not be allowed any kind of equality with whites. I was horrified by my automatic reaction, and its immediate effect was to make me feel intense sympathy for the black man and to realize how conscious I had to be of the difficulties inherent in the relationship between the black man and the white.

Not far from Pretoria, at a place called Irene, there was a camp for Boer women and children and men who were too old or infirm to fight. Concentration camps have an evil reputation, and much has been written about those which were formed in South Africa, some just and some unjust. I can speak from direct experience only of that one at Irene,



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L2

the things they say!

Most of the troubles in industry today arise because, in the big firms, the men at the top know nothing about the chaps at the bottom.

Well, that's not true of my outfit — I.C.I.

Why not? I.C.I. is one of the biggest firms in the country —

Yes, but we've been conscious of this problem for years, and we realise there's no easy solution to it. One thing that does help is our Works Council Scheme.

This is how it operates. The workers in I.C.I.'s factories elect their representatives — by ballot — to their Works Council, to which members of the management are also appointed. At their monthly meetings the main interest is local domestic problems, including accident prevention and production matters. The Works Councils in their turn send members to Councils representing each manufacturing Division, which meet twice a year.

But how do the workers meet the top men — the Board of Directors?

I'm coming to that. Each Division Council sends representatives to a Central Council that also meets twice a year. There the men from the shop floor put their point of view on all sorts of topics before the Chairman himself and the Directors.

What sort of topics — rates of pay, perhaps?

No, those matters we negotiate with the Trade Unions. These Councils deal with other features of the Company's labour policy.

The interest they showed in the idea of Profit-Sharing, for example, helped to bring our I.C.I. scheme into being. I.C.I.'s 1,300 Works Councillors are an important link between top management and workers, because they do a lot to ensure that the Company's policies are understood by everybody.

ICI

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which had been set up after much disastrous experience. There were at the camp two of the teachers who had come out in the same ship as I. At their invitation I now spent a good many weekends there, for it was a relief to get away from the tense, uneasy atmosphere of Pretoria to the quiet and friendliness of the camp. No one can like living under duress, however mild, but I can only say that at Irene I saw no sullen faces, and the English who managed the camp, the teachers who taught in the schools, and those who were interned were living together on friendly terms and under conditions which could hardly have been bettered. For a few hours it was possible for a visitor almost to forget the war.

During those last few months of the fighting we in Pretoria knew little of what was happening. There were constant rumours of successes and reverses and of negotiations for peace, and then, suddenly, in May 1902, we heard that agreement on the terms of surrender of the Boer armies had really been reached. One Sunday morning, when I was staying with my chief, an orderly rode up to the house with a note: 'Peace signed last night. Come at once: Milner'.

From that moment everything changed. From being an insignificant clerk with work of no particular importance to do I found myself thrust into a position of considerable responsibility. During the next two years I travelled over a great part of the Transvaal, often on horseback, for railways were few, roads there were none, and motor-cars hardly existed. I met Boers in the north who, weeks after the armistice had been signed, had only just heard of it. They rode in to Pietersburg to surrender, ragged and depressed but undefeated. I saw others who at the outbreak of war had sworn that they would never cut their hair till the British had been driven into the sea. Now their hair hung down below their shoulders and they still could not bring themselves to cut it. I helped one resident magistrate (Josiah Wedgwood by name) to put up the tents for him and his family to live in and to serve as his office. In the town which was to be his headquarters there was not a house from which the doors, window-frames, and rafters had not been torn for fuel by the soldiers who had been chasing elusive Boer commandos over the endless veld. I went on tour for weeks on end in a covered waggon drawn by six mules, to visit small towns to discuss the setting up of local representative councils. It was then that I realized the value of having acquired some knowledge of Dutch. I even had at one time to hold an inquiry into the doings of an English resident magistrate, twenty years my senior, which led to his dismissal.

In the stress under which we had to improvise much of our work we sometimes ran into difficulties. On one occasion an Indian trader challenged the legality of certain regulations which had been issued from my office. I had to appear in court, where I found that counsel for the other side was a Mr. J. C. Smuts. Under his ruthless cross-examination I must have been visibly wilting when the judge intervened, reproved him, and saved me from humiliation. But we lost our case and Mr. Smuts won another, if peaceful, victory over the British. I should perhaps add that afterwards I met him socially several times and he strongly advised me to stay in South Africa for there, in the next ten years, I should see at close quarters the making of history and perhaps the emergence of a new nation. I think, too, that he himself hoped that some of the Englishmen who had served under Lord Milner would stay on after responsible government was re-established.

The law case in which he had nearly brought me to confusion incidentally illustrated another of those intractable problems that then vexed the Government and still vexes the rulers of South Africa—that of immigration from India. It seems strange now to think of Mr. Gandhi as a lawyer who was busy in the defence of the rights of Indian traders in South Africa, but there he was, and he used to come to our office neatly dressed in European clothes, wearing a bowler hat, carrying a brief-case under his arm and looking like the lawyer he was.

Those were the days when the group of Englishmen who helped to bring order out of chaos and to prepare the way for the future came to be nicknamed Lord Milner's 'kindergarten'. Young as most of them were, I was younger still and not important enough to claim membership of that remarkable group, but circumstances had pushed me, at the age of twenty-five, into a position of greater responsibility than my age or my experience would normally have justified.

At the end of three years I felt that representative government was looming in the not distant future, and I thought that when the Dutch were once more free to take a part in the government there might well be no room for an Englishman like myself in the permanent civil service. So I wrote to an old friend of my family, Sir Robert Morant, who had lately become permanent head of the Board of Education, and asked for his advice. Just at the moment when he received my letter he was looking for a private secretary from outside the office and he immediately replied asking me if I would care for the post. Characteristically he explained in detail all the disadvantages as well as the advantages of work in Whitehall, but I did not hesitate; the offer was too good to be refused and I cabled acceptance.

Nevertheless I was sad to leave my work in the Transvaal. I had begun to feel that we were making real headway in fostering understanding between the British and the Dutch. I had made the acquaintance of General Smuts and of many others, both English and Dutch, who believed that in time the two races would come to live in friendship together; I had been inspired by Lord Milner, encouraged by Rudyard Kipling, as well as by his father, and chaffed by General Baden-Powell for being a red-tape official. I had even spoken to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when he visited the Transvaal, and to Lord Roberts. It had all been intensely exciting for so young a man, and it was possible that a career in the Colonial Service might be open to me, but London had called and I could not resist the summons.—*Home Service*

Lord Montgomery and his Memoirs

(*continued from page 719*)

conventional forces. Conscription was originally designed not to make available large forces in Germany and elsewhere but to provide trained reserves available at short notice, as contrasted with the former Territorial Army, which needed some weeks before it was brought into the field.

Lord Montgomery recognized that at the time, and it is clear that in his mind there was the idea that there would be another war in twenty or thirty years. And he envisaged a third world war somewhat on the same lines as its predecessors—masses of troops lined up against each other.

I recall Lord Alexander of Tunis, on taking up his post as Governor-General of Canada, saying to me that he did not wish to have another military post because he would be thinking all the time of the last war: and a new mind was needed. Technical changes in the immediate post-war period were rapid. The balance to be struck between immediate needs and long-term requirements is always difficult. One can see this because towards the end of the book we get a reassessment by Lord Montgomery of the problems of defence in the nuclear age. And his criticism of the set-up of Nato is the best justification for the government refusing to be led into immense commitments of land forces on the Continent. For a war on the pattern of the last—it was increasingly obvious—would not occur.

Lord Montgomery is rather critical of Lord Alexander of Hillsborough (then Defence Minister) and the whole arrangement for defence; and especially the Chiefs-of-Staff Committee. This is a machine which depends on the personal factor. Unless the Chiefs of Staff know how to co-operate it will not work. It worked badly before the war. It worked with the wartime Chiefs of Staff under Lord Alanbrooke's chairmanship. Lord Montgomery is a very great man and a great soldier, but he is essentially an individualist and does not really work well in a partnership. One can see this because he was happier when transferred to serve at Nato. Here he had a definite task: the building up of a European defence force. He worked admirably under American leaders such as General Eisenhower and General Gruenther, for both of whom he had great admiration.

Lord Montgomery is a most attractive character, a brilliant leader, a generous friend. He is not afraid to admit where he has made errors. He has perhaps the defects of his qualities. He is inclined, perhaps, to be a little too cock-sure. The self-confidence that inspired the 8th Army is not always useful in complicated affairs in which many of the factors are outside his ken. His visits to the Commonwealth which he describes—there he was perhaps a little inclined to exceed his functions. But I had the pleasure of working with him as Prime Minister. He was my Chief of the General Staff for some years, and I had increasing admiration for his qualities, and affection for his personality. We were lucky to have such a man, and particularly to have a man inspired throughout with the highest ideals and with complete devotion to duty.

—*European Service*

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Letters to the Editor

A History of Soviet Russia

Sir,—I am not sure whether your reviewer of Mr. Carr's fifth volume (THE LISTENER, October 30) is quite fair either to Mr. Carr, or, indeed, to himself. His criticism falls into the pattern of a standing controversy among historians and, perhaps even more so, between historians and sociologists. Its central point is the relative part played in history by intentions and aims of great men and, to use your reviewer's own word, by 'circumstances'.

The problems referred to are, it seems to me, in many respects still unsolved, although partisans on either side often believe and assert that they hold the solution in the hollow of their hand; and I cannot help feeling that Mr. Carr, far from offering a simple solution, is more conscious than many other contributors to this discussion that here are problems with which we are still grappling, but which have not yet found an entirely satisfactory answer. To say, as your reviewer does, that the 'interconnexion between great men and the circumstances in which they find themselves' is a 'self-evident truth' is only possible for someone who is satisfied with rather woolly words such as 'circumstances', and fails to realize that they screen from his view the same kind of problems with which others wrestle if they speak of the 'impersonal' properties, for example, of a process of industrialization.

What Mr. Carr wishes to say, if I understand him rightly, is not, as your reviewer suggests, that 'Stalin's elimination of Trotsky . . . was unconnected with the political rivalry between the two men' (that, of course, would be self-evident nonsense), but that the industrialization of Russia as such had characteristics which cannot be explained by reference to the personal characteristics of either of the two men.

Finally, I think it would help greatly in clarifying these issues if it were well understood that references to impersonal aspects of historical changes need not by any means imply agreement with what has now been popularized under the name 'historicism'—with the idea that history runs its course like the sun according to unalterable laws. One can say with great confidence that if a large agricultural country, such as Russia or China, embarks upon a process of industrialization, certain well-defined changes are bound to occur, even though no single person intended them to occur.

A historian who would not take account of such recurrent regularities would fail in his task. He would equally fail if he were unaware of the fact that in certain aspects the industrialization of one country is different from that of another and that personal characteristics of those who govern a country may to some extent account for these differences. How these broad regularities, these national differences, these personal characteristics interweave, and how to present their interweaving in writing history, that indeed is the problem.—Yours, etc.,

Leicester N. ELIAS

Thinking about Peace

Sir,—Mr. J. B. Corbett's suggestion that Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Dulles should ignore their ideological differences and fix all their attention 'upon the practical points which any settlement involves' while good as a short-term expedient is obviously too negative for a long-term policy. Surely a more positive approach could be made by concentrating on the great similarities already existing between the ideologies, outlook, and policies of their two nations.

Both are concerned primarily with improving the material standards of living. Both are convinced that the means to this end—and to every conceivable end—must be scientific materialism which is, quite factually, their mutual God, the giver of all good gifts who will eventually provide all the answers to the problems of life. To this deity they are prepared to sacrifice both animal and human life. Millions of helpless creatures are tortured and slaughtered annually in the research laboratories for medical, commercial, industrial and militaristic purposes, and the numbers of human 'volunteers', or conscripts, are rapidly increasing with the decrease of reverence for life. Whatever religious beliefs may be professed by the West, it is, in actual fact, advocating and practising the Gospel of Utilitarianism taught by what it so curiously calls its ideological foes.

To the uncommitted, however, the unification of the two Powers under a system of total sciencism is not altogether reassuring. Some of us are inclined to think that the late Professor Einstein's reply to the question, 'What can we do to get a better world?', which was 'You have to have better people', is the true recipe for peace; and would say to the opposing parties: 'A plague on both your houses. Turn your attention to the primary need of the whole of mankind, which is moral regeneration and spiritual evolution to a better, wiser, purer and, above all, non-violent species'.

To any but the wilfully blind this is obviously the only alternative to mankind's devolution to the scientific termitary or to its extinction as a result of its own irreverence for life.—Yours, etc.,

Selsey ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON

Watching Migrant Birds by Radar

Sir,—Radar echoes from birds were seen earlier than Dr. Lack suggests (THE LISTENER, October 30). In the spring of 1940 echoes were seen with an experimental equipment using a 50 cm. wavelength at Christchurch on the south coast. That the echoes were due to sea birds was demonstrated by fixing a pair of powerful binoculars to the large rotatable aerial of the radar set so that they pointed along the electrical axis of the aerial. When an echo was followed in bearing electrically, the bird causing the echo could be seen in the centre of the binocular field of view.

At the fall of France this equipment was manned throughout the night. In the early morning, just before light, numerous echoes were observed of objects coming in from the sea at motor-boat speeds. Fortunately the solitary howitzer defending us was not called into action.

I have been told that echoes from birds had been observed even earlier by the long-wave radar stations which formed the first radar chain round our coast, but I have no definite evidence of this.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge E. S. SHIRE

Chess Champions at Play

Sir,—In his comments on chess (THE LISTENER, October 16) Mr. Alexander stresses the importance of 'considerable physical and nervous endurance', if one wishes to become a great player.

Chess players in general appear to believe they play a game demanding high intellectual ability and remarkable powers of analysis. A study of the opening paragraphs of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, by Edgar Allan Poe, should prove a salutary exercise for such players. If I may quote:

> In this latter [*i.e.*, chess] where the pieces have different and bizarre motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The attention is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are unique and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen.

I should be interested to know whether any chess fanatic can answer these acute observations.

I infer, from Mr. Alexander's remarks, that Capablanca, a man of brilliant intellect, was bored by chess. He should have turned to draughts!—Yours, etc.,

Mexborough A. BROOKES

Can a Machine Create Art?

Sir,—The decisive error, I think, Mr. F. H. George makes in his talk 'Can a Machine Create Art?' (THE LISTENER, September 18) is that he accepts the validity of a classical 'pure science' approach to his question. Envisaging a mechanical engineering solution to the problem of mind, he takes it for granted that in order to feel pain or pleasure or to have other sensations, 'our machine would, no doubt, have to be constructed of the same materials as a human being'.

The most brilliant analysis of the problem is to be found in Sir Charles Sherrington's book *Man on His Nature*. On page 289 of the first edition (1940) the following passage appears:

> The mental is not examinable as a form of energy. That in brief is the gap which parts psychiatry and physiology.

This statement answers Mr. George's query.

Yours, etc.,

Lexington, Kentucky ERNST JOKL

Dr. Marie Stopes

Sir,—An official biography of my mother, Dr. Marie Stopes, is being prepared to appear as soon as possible. Will anyone who holds letters from her please make available either the originals or copies? Originals will be carefully copied and returned as soon as possible. Personal reminiscences will be very gratefully received also.—Yours, etc.,

H. V. STOPES-ROE

Norbury Park, Dorking, Surrey

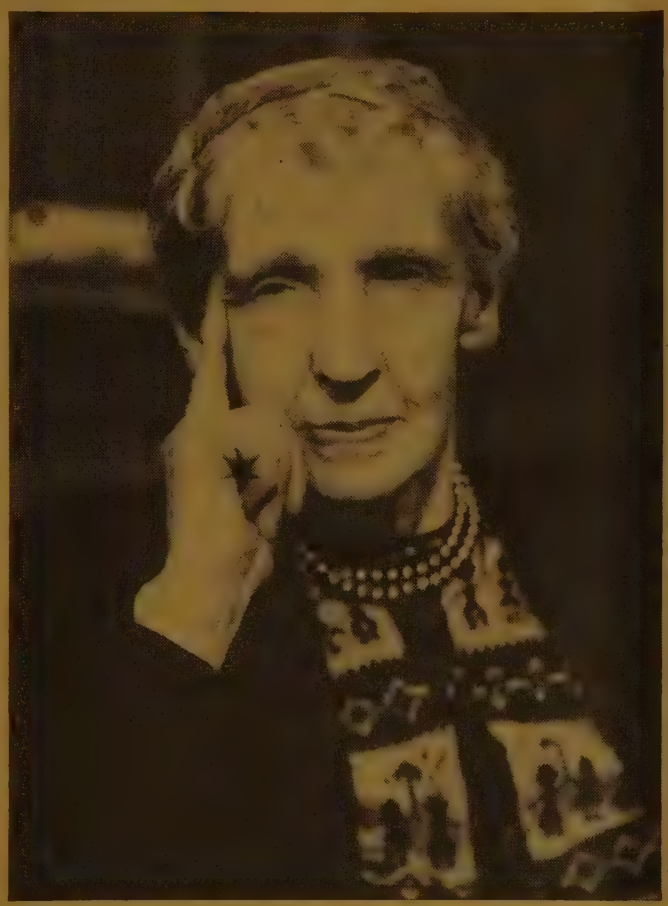
Rose Macaulay: 1881-1958

Author of novels, literary criticism, and books on travel

We record with regret the death of Dame Rose Macaulay, at the age of seventy-seven

I—A Personal Tribute

By Philip Hope-Wallace



I HAD the feeling that I knew Rose Macaulay well, but perhaps that sounds presumptuous. Anyhow, I think all her friends and acquaintances had that feeling and it came from the openness and candour of her mind. Like many finely bred people of her generation, she had a certain 'manner' but there was never any barrier interposed. She talked to everyone as an equal, as someone who 'of course' shared her many interests. It was that which gave her agelessness: you did not think of her in terms of years and if you momentarily did—when, for instance, she was driving her car in her own inimitable, not to say original, manner—it was only because of some strange contradiction between her energy and curiosity and what looked like physical frailty.

She never liked to be photographed (a pity), but then I have never seen a picture of her which gave any real idea of her extraordinary fineness and clarity of texture. She was paper-thin, transparent, almost as if a light shone in her; yet it was always she who was first up the hill, or the last out of the sea, the untiring explorer, and examiner of ideas and places and people.

Anyone who has ever read a word she wrote knows that she was a wonderful wit—I think the wittiest person I have ever known—but to call a person a wit sometimes suggests a certain malice or exhibitionism, and those Rose Macaulay was completely without. Her wit came as a sort of afterthought, a refusal to be easily impressed, a dry judgment which could wrongly be put down as scepticism. She was not in the least sceptical; she was just innately fastidious about the loud and fashionable view, the smart gushing mateyness which in our day has been elevated into a sort of virtue. She would examine a pompous opinion and suddenly it was found to be sham and sentimental. And all this without triumph and without uncharitableness. It just occurred out of a matchless originality of mind, out of a tone of voice, and out of a personality.

For some reason I have two very clear memories of her: once at a tea party where transatlantic admirers had gathered reverently and at which she turned up from a swim in the Serpentine and would talk of nothing but the joys of bathing; and another where someone told a rather long story about a prisoner-of-war who, on release, was so bowled over by the sight of a pretty girl that he fainted clean away. There was a pause round the table and then Rose said: 'I suppose he recovered . . . eventually?' The timing of the adverb was done with the greatest delicacy. She was wonderful entertainment value and a rare spirit.

—*'Today' (Home Service)*

II—An 'Auto-Obituary'

Dame Rose Macaulay was a frequent contributor to B.B.C. programmes and her talks and articles often appeared in THE LISTENER, *to which she was a good friend. In 1936 she wrote an 'auto-obituary' which was published in* THE LISTENER *on September 2. We reproduce here an extract from this 'auto-obituary' in which she described her own interests and opinions:*

'SHE WROTE from her earliest infancy, with the greatest zest, and began to publish the sprouts of her fancy at a young age. Descended on both sides from long lines of eloquent and well-informed clergymen, few of whom had denied themselves the indulgence of breaking into print, she busily wrote down from her earliest days those little thoughts that occurred to her childish fancy. Her novels and essays, if not widely read, appealed to certain thoughtful and well-regulated minds. They were written in pure and elegant English, almost devoid of that vulgarity which degraded so much of the literature of her period, and inculcated always the highest moral lessons. Those who called her a flippant writer failed to understand the deep earnestness which underlay her sometimes facetious style and the sober piety which she had inherited from her ecclesiastical forebears. She was much interested in religions; the voluminous calf-bound theological works of past centuries were among her reading, and no curious heresy, or antique doctrinal squabble, failed to intrigue her fancy.

'She was sometimes, and with too much truth, accused of having an old-fashioned mind, and indeed the nineteenth and twentieth centuries never seemed to her, in their literature or their history, so interesting as many others. No one could—anyhow no one ever did—call her a great writer, in any of the many literary spheres in which she experimented; she was called limited, finicking, lacking in vigour or robustness of imagination; she was accused of caring more for manner than matter, for words (in which she was somewhat morbidly interested) than for what they represented. The content of her writing (which may be unearthed, dusty relics of a lost age, from the unvisited shelves of libraries) and possibly also of her mind, even in its prime, was thin and somewhat negligible.

'She never had any strong link with her age, or was much interested in social questions, such as the position of women, and so forth, though international affairs, disastrous as they have invariably been, never failed to entertain and shock her. She was seldom bored by the spectacle of life, though, as she complained, the older she got the more barbarous and shocking this spectacle became. Through one barbarous phase after another, through Capitalism, Toryism, World War, Fascism, Communism, and the present Anarchy, she picked her complaining way, making would-be facetious and quite ineffectual comments on the strange conditions in which all countries habitually found themselves. She was a strong pacifist and libertarian, with a passion for being let alone; like Lord Faulkland and the Rajah of Bhong, she went about ingeminating "Peace! Peace! Beautiful peace! I think all this bustle is wrong". These sentiments endeared her to no recent regime'.

The 'auto-obituary' ended with a desire that her epitaph might describe her as

'an old lady of no great talent, but who managed, on the whole, to put in a pretty good time'.

Among the highlights of that attractive illustrated miscellany *The Saturday Book 18*, edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson, 30s.), are an anthology of buildings described by John Betjeman, with photographs by Edwin Smith; an article on 'The Dordogne' by Richard Church; and an essay on 'La Belle Iseult' (the wife of William Morris) by Philip Henderson.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Sir Charles Dilke: a Victorian Tragedy. By Roy Jenkins. Collins. 25s.

Viscount Addison: Leader of the Lords. By R. J. Minney. Odhams. 25s.

THREE MEN WERE possibilities as Prime Minister after Disraeli had died and Gladstone was growing old. They were Randolph Churchill, Joseph Chamberlain, and Charles Dilke. All were of the right age, eager to enter No. 10 Downing Street, and aware that, with the spread of the franchise, old fashioned Conservative and Whiggish ideas were getting increasingly vulnerable. Churchill, who had called Gladstone 'an old man in a hurry', committed political suicide by acting as a young man in a hurry. Chamberlain changed his party, went much further than his rivals, was stricken with paralysis and never reached the top. Even if health had stayed with him, it is unlikely that he would ever have formed a government.

Dilke's failure is the most curious, and Mr. Jenkins, in a scholarly, and highly readable biography, has got good value out of it. Indulged in childhood, steeped in culture from his earliest days, delighting to the point of arrogance in embracing unpopular causes (notably republicanism), Dilke, in team with Chamberlain, made himself a thorn in the side of his chief, Gladstone. Like Chamberlain, he combined unbounded belief in the imperial destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race with advanced left-wing, radical opinions. The old guard of liberalism, much though it disapproved of some of the things he said, could not ignore him. He had his foot well up the rungs of office when the crash came. It was a resounding crash and its echoes have been heard confusedly ever since. Dilke collapsed in the divorce courts in a stench compared to which the one enveloping Parnell was a mere nasty smell.

He was accused by a dissipated and often untruthful lady, young enough to be his daughter and to whom he stood in a semi-avuncular relationship, of having committed adultery with her. She was circumstantial in her charges against him and they were of such a disgusting nature that they might, almost, make the editor of the most lurid modern Sunday newspaper blush. Dilke's second wife, the widow of Mark Pattison, married him at the height of the scandal and they lived happily ever after. His accuser, Mrs. Crawford, converted by Cardinal Manning to the Roman Catholic Church, lived on in newly found respectability until 1948. If she had lied in the box about Dilke—as he and many of his friends maintained—she never made a public confession. Dilke got back into Parliament and was a much respected backbencher for many years. But Campbell-Bannerman, who disliked him and sneeringly dismissed him as 'Citizen Dilke', did not offer him office when the Liberals were returned in 1906.

Mr. Jenkins has had access to the Dilke papers with which Mr. Harold Macmillan, in his capacity as publisher, had been entrusted by Miss Tuckwell, niece of Lady Dilke. No more satisfactory biographer could have been found. Mr. Jenkins tells the full story without attempting to overplay—or to bowdlerize—its seamy side. He explains all the evidence which may be held to point, uncertainly, to a plot or plots. His verdict is more favourable to Dilke than that of all his readers will be. But they must all be grateful to him for having, for the first time, made the evidence, so far as it has survived, clearly available.

Lord Addison was one—and by no means the only one—of Lloyd George's political victims. Mr. Minney shows how this able and agreeable doctor was thrown to the wolves by a Prime Minister who had good reason to know that his own position was desperate. It was a ruthless sacking. But Addison survived it with courage, dignity, and cheerfulness—and he had his reward. As a Labour peer under Attlee, he won a fresh reputation and made new friends by his efficient and tactful handling of affairs in the House of Lords. His early life story, as a Lincolnshire country boy and an active doctor of medicine before he entered politics, is well told and makes an interesting background to the main narrative. Addison has been deservedly lucky in his biographer.

Borstal Boy. By Brendan Behan. Hutchinson. 16s.

'I came over here to fight for the Irish Workers' and Small Farmers' Republic, and for a full and free life for my countrymen, North and South, and for the removal of the baneful influence of British Imperialism from Irish Affairs'. Thus spoke the author when, at the age of sixteen, he was arrested in Liverpool with his Sinn Fein equipment (complete with gelignite and detonators) on him. Soon a magistrate had sentenced this youthful member of the I.R.A. to Borstal training, at the same time regretting his inability, since the offender was under age, to send him to fourteen years penal servitude.

Nothing to touch this spirited account of Mr. Behan's experiences for veracity and style has appeared since Mark Benney's *Low Company* was published in 1936. Only a very insensitive reader could reach the end of the book without feeling that he had shared the author's daily, even hourly, existence 'inside'—the whole of it recorded with an admirable lack of overstatement and a welcome absence of journalese; the effect comprising a powerful, and frequently nauseating, picture of what life in prison, and in a Borstal, is like. The scenes in Walton Prison, where Behan awaited his transfer to Borstal, have a nightmare quality about them. The savage fights among the inmates, their moronic behaviour generally, and the constant flow of foul language—these things tend to sicken one by their repetition, but no false note is ever struck.

Though no lover of the English, the author does not allow his political bias to interfere either with his assessment of the other inmates—all of whom come wonderfully to life—or of the Borstal staff. And what he has to say commands the more respect because he avoids self-pity and endeavours always to make the best of his plight. True, conditions have changed somewhat since he served his sentence prior to the war; but not, unhappily, to any appreciable extent. The faults in a system that sets out to convert budding criminals into honest citizens, yet fails to prevent one in every two of them from going wrong again, remain uncorrected.

'It must be realized', said Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, the founder of the System in 1908, 'that Borstal is never a prison, and that places of confinement calling themselves Borstal Institutions in any part of the world are an abuse of the term'. Mr. Behan's book—and indeed any truthful account of the situation as it is at present—turns that statement into so much wishful thinking. But those who would seriously hope to make a reality of it might do a lot worse than begin by reading this book from cover to cover.

The Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke and Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis. Translated and introduced by Nora Wydenbruck. Hogarth. 30s.

Rilke meant no gratuitous compliment when he wrote the words 'The Property of Princess Marie . . .' over the completed *Duino Elegies* in 1922. This was recognition of truth. The first two Elegies and part of the third came to him at her Adriatic home, Duino, in 1912, but physical hospitality was only a fragment of the debt he owed her. It was she who nursed him over the years of despair and ensured his poetic survival. Some of his letters to the princess have long been available in English in R. F. C. Hull's *Selected Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke* (1946), but it is an entirely different experience to read them in the present context, with the splendid counterweight of her replies.

They met in Paris in 1909: 'At the first moment I thought he was very ugly, but extremely sympathetic. Very shy, but with excellent manners and a rare distinction. Almost immediately we were chatting like old friends'. He was then thirty-four, she fifty-four. She found him at a critical phase, just after the completion of his *Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*. He had emerged from that book with the feeling that his writing was finished and that he should take up some regular occupation, perhaps become a doctor. But in less than a year, after staying with her at Schloss Lautschin, his faith in his poetic mission began to return. He felt that his soul was starting from new beginnings, '. . . and what pleases me most is to find it so humble. Perhaps I may now learn to be a little human'. His humanity revealed itself over the next twelve years in continuing fits of depression: 'Oh, these intervals, and the ignominious lack of relationship to what has not been achieved'. The sudden burst of light at Duino in 1912 merely intensified the surrounding gloom. Perfect patience is possible only to the saint and the simpleton; Rilke was neither, so he suffered the torments of educated consciousness: 'I creep around in the thickets of my life all day long, shouting like a savage and clapping my hands—you would hardly believe what horrible creatures fly up'. There is a pathetic resemblance in these years between his state of mind and that of his fellow citizen of Prague, Franz Kafka.

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Marie that lured Rilke from this unceasing concern with himself and eventually brought him peace and security. 'For me', he writes, 'your letters are among the very few things that represent a continuity from what has been to what will come, I cling to them as to a bridge'. She had the answer for every mood. In these letters she chats with him, she encourages him, she politely censures, she praises, she is instinctively aware of every check and push and generous expression of sympathy that may restore his balance. 'Jump into the future', she tells him, 'as one jumps into the water—you will swim all right'. When he is too insistent in his complaints she becomes the fond mother: 'I believe it would do you a lot of good to be scolded like a baby—because you are one, although a great poet at the same time . . . *Every* human being is lonely, and *must* remain lonely and *may not* give way and must not seek help in other people, but in the mysterious power that we feel within us, without knowing or understanding it'. It was her voice from the great world, her intelligence and wit and intuitive understanding, that gave him strength to face the 'irrevocable conflict between life and work, which I must experience in ever renewed, extraordinary variations, and which I can barely survive'.

Princess Marie has long been known through her connection with Rilke. After these letters (previously published in German in 1951) she will be remembered by a wider circle as a great human being, a person who rightly aroused Rilke's respect and humility. She herself sums up the intricate delights of her correspondence, and so of her nature, when she exclaims: 'Serafico, have you ever had such a crazy letter—with tears and laughter, Bach and Lully, hornets and cherry-blossom, dreams and stupid geese, Leonardo and St. Francis? Everything muddled up—and yet all a part of this wonderful, desperate, delicious, mysterious life'. Rilke learned how to work because she knew how to live. Her triumph in life was his triumph in art, the *Duino Elegies*, her 'property', not dedicated to her because (as Rilke said) 'I cannot give you what has belonged to you from the beginning'. Countess Wydenbruck's translation reads excellently.

Alexander's Path
By Freya Stark. Murray. 30s.

To trace the routes of Alexander's conquests by excavations in Afghanistan or folk-memories in the high passes of Gilgit has been a classic exercise for the adventurous. Miss Stark chose the earlier, and nearer, and less documented marches through Anatolia to the great victory at Issus; or rather, one might almost say, the youthful Alexander chose to campaign across Miss Stark's territory, thus invading and dominating this third travel book in the series, which has previously depicted in a highly individual way the Ionian and Lycian coasts. Moving by horse or jeep or hired car from Alexandretta to Smyrna, with digressions inland in the Lycian promontory, Miss Stark was more often than not following Alexander in reverse, which adds some complication to a pattern of old, forgotten, far-off things and battles long ago. The classical scholar can get to grips with Miss Stark's historical detection in an appended essay on *Alexander's March from Miletus to Phrygia*. For those of less specialised equipment the narrative is held together by qualities which she has already demonstrated as a travel-writer.

One of these is simply that, in the true sense, she enjoys travelling. She conveys as necessary the rigours of the business beyond the tourist fringe, but without exhibitionism. The moments of pleasure are pure, the unity that 'comes unexpectedly upon me, not only with people, but with animals, or trees or rocks, or days and nights in their mere progress'. This is a bookful of such moments, in which the most recondite information is conveyed as a flower might be plucked from between ancient stones—and how encrusted those regions are with almost unregarded antiquity! Moreover, Miss Stark's communion with people and places in the geographical area beyond which she would never care to live or stray is based upon a sense of roots which makes her think of Alexander even when contemplating the cast-iron Corinthian columns of a Metropolitan railway-station. Her links with the young world-conqueror and his 'dreams of world-brotherhood' are unbroken, and to her the civilization from which we spring 'can never be superseded'. With obsessions as magnificent as this good books can be written.

Elephants. By R. Carrington.
Chatto and Windus. 25s.

The elephant is universally one of the most familiar of wild animals and yet it is popularly shrouded in a cloak of legend and superstition that add yet further marvels to the interest it arouses. Its size alone excites universal wonder—it is the largest of the land animals now living; and then there is the fascinating mobility and dexterity of the trunk, unlike anything else in the animal kingdom. But perhaps the real reason for the elephant's popularity is the physical configuration of its head; the high forehead and short face lead the onlooker to project himself anthropomorphically into the elephant's shape in spite of the inconsistent tusks and trunk. The legends of the elephant's wisdom and long memory, and its docility in captivity, combine to reinforce the anthropomorphic reverence with which the animal is regarded.

The author of this entertaining book has left no aspect of elephant lore and natural history untouched, and has gathered a remarkable amount of information into a modest compass. He divides his book into three parts, 'Elephants as Animals', 'Elephants as Fossils' and 'Elephants and Man'. The first is devoted mainly to the zoology of elephants, and their behaviour in the wild. The second deals with their origin and describes some exceptional fossil species of elephants from past ages which are brought to life in the illustrations showing the animals as they probably appeared when living. Over 300 fossil species have been discovered, and among them were many astonishing and bizarre forms.

The third part discusses the many different roles played by elephants in the history of man, especially in his religion, his art, and his social and economic life. Elephants have been domesticated for many thousands of years, and had mammoths and mastodons survived 'there seems no reason why these animals also might not have been harnessed to human use'. Although elephants were a familiar sight in the arena until the fall of Rome they were not thereafter imported into Europe until a few hundred years ago; they immediately achieved the popularity as a spectacle that they have retained until today. One of the most celebrated of modern times was Jumbo, a bull African elephant who lived in the London Zoo for nearly twenty years. When he became adult he turned dangerous, and was sold to Barnum the American showman; the news of the deal 'caused a reaction of horror and dismay that could have only been exceeded by the sale to the Americans of Queen Victoria herself'.

The final chapter deals with elephant preservation and control, and shows that in spite of much ruthless hunting in the past the present condition of both the African and Indian species is now flourishing in most parts of the two continental homelands. Long may it continue!

French West Africa. By Virginia Thompson and Richard Adloff.
Allen and Unwin. 48s.

Recent dramatic events in the French tropical African territories have seemed to be in such marked contrast, not only with the results of French colonial policy in other parts of the former French empire, notably Indo-China and North Africa, but also with British experience of nationalist pressures for independence, that for perhaps the first time since the Anglo-French disputes during the partition of Africa, there are some signs of interest in this country in French tropical Africa, and particularly its richest and most populous area, French West Africa. For, in the recent constitutional referendum, General de Gaulle offered Africans in these territories a choice between becoming, like the old French colonies in the West Indies, fully integrated departments of France, retaining their present status, or becoming fully autonomous states associated with France in a federal system in which foreign affairs, defence, and monetary matters would be settled by a federal authority. At the same time he indicated that those African territories which wished to opt, not for any of these alternatives, but for complete independence had only to vote 'No' in the referendum. They would then be at once accorded independence, not only of French rule but also of French financial aid and technical assistance. It is the response to the questions thus posed which has startled foreign opinion, for only one of the fifteen French overseas territories in tropical Africa, namely Guinea, opted for independence.

Although these events have momentarily shaken 'informed' British opinion out of its usual attitude of half-contemptuous indifference to French policies, there are no books in English which throw any light on the reasons for these decisions or help us to interpret them correctly. For assuredly they are less straightforward than they seem or than some French journalists affect to believe. This substantial volume by two American writers is therefore especially welcome at the present time. Of its 600 pages, all full of factual information, about 250 are devoted to the political and administrative history of French West Africa since the war, another section of similar length to a detailed description of the economy, and finally a shorter section to social and cultural topics, mostly educational problems. The political section is the least satisfactory because it does not give the impression of any real intimacy with French West Africa's political

leaders and seems unduly preoccupied with developments in the five years immediately after the war and relatively lacking in appreciation of those of the last five years, all-important as these have been. Nor is the book easy to read, owing to the presentation of an immense number of details without any sustained or confident theme to hold them together. Too many of these details, moreover, are inaccurate or confusingly presented. To take one or two examples, it is quite misleading in a book published in London to render *Baccalauréat* as Bachelor of Arts; erudite references such as that to 'Ababacar Sy, the conservative marabout of Kaolack' are less impressive if it is realized that it was quite another marabout, Ibrahima Niasse, whose headquarters were at Kaolack; and, confused as French West African politics often are, it makes them more confusing if the same party in Guinée is mentioned on one page as the local section of the major African political party, the Democratic African Rally, and appears on the next page as a coalition of many of its opponents. There is rather too much of this kind of thing and it is a pity because the book's real value is as a mine of information and such slips will result in doubts of its reliability.

The authors conclude that the policy of co-operation with the French adopted by most African political leaders has been fully justified by developments since the reforms instituted by the Mollet government in 1956. No parallel revision of policy has yet been brought about in the economic field. It is, however, precisely in that field that a radical departure from deep-seated French mercantilist ideas is essential: not only if the territories are to have a chance of becoming economically viable but even more so if their continued association with France is to be psychologically possible.

The Country Craftsman

By W. M. Williams.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

Those who take up this book expecting to find a companion to George Sturt's *The Wheelwright's Shop* or William Rose's *The Village Carpenter* will be disappointed. But this is in no way to belittle its merits. A serious survey of the position of the country craftsman is more than welcome, since the subject as a whole tends to be befogged by sentimentality. It should be obvious that the countryside and its inhabitants cannot be preserved as a sort of folk museum for the occasional enjoyment of townsmen. There must be intrinsic vitality in it, otherwise the young people will leave for the towns even more rapidly than they are doing at present. The questions examined in this book relate to the part played by the country craftsman in rural life today, and to the activities of the Rural Industries Organization in helping him to play it. This last body, or rather association of bodies, provides a main thread for the work, which otherwise consists of a series of surveys covering the position of particular craftsmen in certain selected areas.

The districts chosen for survey are Devonshire and the West Midlands, covering Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Shropshire. Conditions between the two vary widely enough to justify the acceptance of the survey as fairly applicable to England as a whole. Saddler, thatcher, farrier, blacksmith, wheelwright—what is their future to be? Is the farmer better served by the large firm of agricultural engineers or by the small personal business? Have the potters and weavers who set up in the more picturesque places any real claim to be considered country craftsmen at all? In particular, are the efforts of the Rural Industries Organization being bent in the right direction? Is it clear, in fact, what the right direction is? These are among the problems investigated.

It seems that, as an individual, the value of the country craftsman to the local community is not what it was. The standard of living has risen more for others than for him. Sturdy individualist he may still be; but he no longer occupies a position somewhere between the agricultural worker and the squire. Craftsman he may be; but, far from being universally respected for his skill, he is as likely as not to find himself regarded in some quarters as out of date—'on the way out'. Yet he still has great value, both actual and potential. To realize the latter will not be easy. In particular, much more information on the lines of that given here is necessary. The Dartington Hall Trustees have done a public service in sponsoring this survey.

Background of a Man of Genius

My Brother and I. By William George. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.

THIS BOOK IS the account of a family unusual in its structure, which produced as one of its members something even more out of the common—a creative genius in affairs of State.

The father of David Lloyd George died when David was sixteen months old and before William had been born. The place of father in relation to these two boys and their sister was taken for all practical purposes by their shoemaker uncle Richard Lloyd, who swept them and their mother away from their lost home in Pembrokeshire to his own home in Llanistumdwy. Uncle Lloyd became there the beloved dominant influence in the lives of David and William alike. The relation of these three to one another was intimate throughout their lives and forms the central theme of this book. It is presented with a charm that never fails.

Genius means the possession of mental gifts denied to most of one's contemporaries, and it takes of course many different forms. With David Lloyd George it took the form of exceptional insight in public affairs, seeing coming events before others did, being inspired by new ideas from others but using these ideas in his own way, as a creator and not an imitator. This will be illustrated at the end of this review, with reference to his greatest achievement, in the conduct of the first world war.

But the book now published is concerned less with such matters than with the way in which David's gifts were developed in his family surroundings.

David, for instance, owed his early spring to political power to his gift of speaking—illustrated by his maiden speech at twenty-seven in the House of Commons and a few years later by his equal debates with Arthur Balfour on the Education Act of 1902. Uncle Lloyd, as William shows, undoubtedly gave David his first examples in oratory. Uncle Lloyd also set David on his first and most lasting public aim—to be a social reformer. When the contentious 1910 Finance Act was through, David inscribed a copy of it as follows: 'To Uncle Lloyd, the real author of this Budget, with his pupil's affectionate gratitude, May 31st, 1910'

David had made already a more lasting adventure in social reform, by the introduction in 1908 of National Insurance. He would not have done this then and might not have done it at all if he had not visited Germany to study the scheme of social insurance there and been inspired by its achievement. But what he introduced for Britain was different in principle and method from the German system. His action here is an ideal example of his creative gift—readiness to absorb ideas from others without feeling bound to imitate them.

David's political career had periods of solitude and difficulty, from the days of the Boer War where his solitary attitude would be judged right today by many, if not most, people, to his controversies with the Asquithian Liberals between the wars. These and many other public affairs are mentioned in this volume but they are not the main theme.

As its title shows, William has written a family story, not a contribution to politics. But he has written a family story of outstanding importance in two quite different ways. First, it is the first book of its author, now ninety-three years old, written with great literary skill and with all the charm and freshness which youth is apt to claim as its privilege by nature. Second, it gives the family background of a man who, when the test came, showed powers of life-saving leadership in a world crisis. His life-saving quality lay in the vision which showed to him almost alone among important public men in 1913 the nature of total war then approaching us. Inspired by that vision he broke through two of the most deeply embattled conservatisms of his time: the conservatism of the old soldier typified by Kitchener with his demand for more and more men (armed or not) to beat the Germans with, and the conservatism of trade unions restricting use of new types of labour in making indispensable arms. By the Treasury Agreement of March 1915 and the Ministry of Munitions, Lloyd George made an indispensable contribution to saving us and so saving the liberty of Europe in the first world war.

He was an illustration—not of course the last illustration—of how the British parliamentary system throws up life-saving leaders at need from different and unexpected quarters. He was an illustration also of the tendency of the British democracy, when it has been saved in war, to put its saviours at once into the background.

Some of those who read *My Brother and I* will feel bound to reflect on such larger issues. Many more will read it for its happy picture of family life and personal relations.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

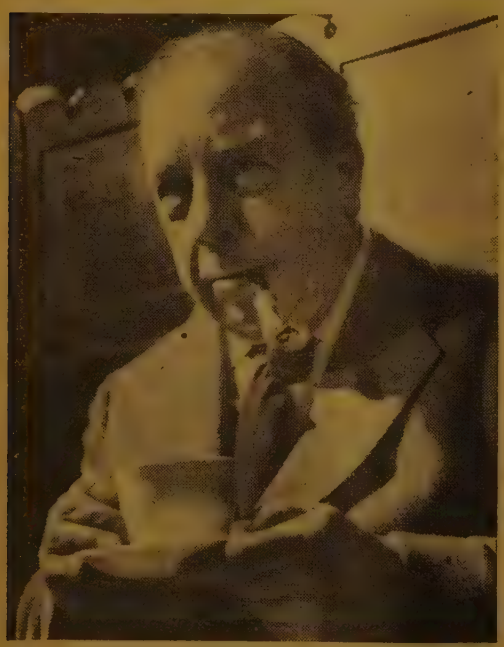
DOCUMENTARY

Continuity and Change

LAST WEEK, two elderly and distinguished men spoke of the changes which have taken place in English life since they were young. Last week, too, the Queen, who cannot herself remember the time when there were no cinemas or motor-cars, was the centre of a ritual older by hundreds of years than the lost splendours of the Edwardian era. Ceremony, we are told, symbolizes the unchanging elements of our national life: whether it does this in a way which satisfies either our reason or our emotion millions will now be able to judge for themselves after seeing the State opening of Parliament. Historic reminder? Valuable propaganda? Meaningless archaism? By throwing it open, our guardians are taking a calculated risk.

The State opening of Parliament on October 28: Her Majesty the Queen on her way to the Palace of Westminster, and (right) her ceremonial entrance into the Chamber of the House of Lords

John Cura



Mr. J. B. Priestley in 'Lost City', in which he revisited Bradford where he spent his boyhood

As a television test-piece, it went off spectacularly. The cameras were well placed; one saw everything perfectly; only colour was lacking, and that could be supplied by the imagination, which might otherwise have been idle. The touches which most struck me were the Queen going through the October fog from her palace, as it were, to ours; Her Majesty's entrance into the Chamber, walking slowly, smiling, looking a little to left and right as if recognizing friends, the light sparkling in the jewels of her crown; and the ending of the Speech itself, with its graceful reference to us who were viewing for the first time this 'renewal of the life of Parliament'. At this point, for one single, proud, and pardonable moment of self-consciousness, camera caught camera on our screen.

The two elderly men referred to above were seen on October 26. J. B. Priestley made a return journey to Bradford. After a nice business-like pipe-and-train opening (happy the writer whose home-town railway station is called Forster Square), 'Lost City' settled down richly to nostalgia and Brahms. Mr. Priestley rang up a series of old friends, only to learn that they were dead, poorly, or gone away, which was hardly surprising, perhaps, after forty-four years. There were some good camera-shots, particularly of the market, and one evocative sequence in Swan Arcade: Priestley's footsteps echoing down the pavement and the lost years, Priestley quoting Yeats on the winding stair of a Victorian house where he had once worked as a wool-clerk, but on which floor (a good touch) was never determined. We also had a generous ration of the good old days, 'Cut Cavendish' at threepence-halfpenny an ounce, deserted music-halls, old concert programmes: the usual intense feeling that Priestley's generation always conveys: the feeling that the world ended in 1914. This emotional conviction is so strong a part of our national consciousness that you find it even in writers too young to remember the golden age—John Osborne in 'The Entertainer', for instance.

This lost world cropped up again, though in a more matter-of-fact way, in 'Monitor', when another pipe-smoking English author, P. G. Wodehouse, domed and splendidly genial, appeared in an interview filmed at his American home. The books that made him famous are almost historical novels now, but the world they portray so evergreenly did exist. Mr. Wodehouse's zest for life seemed unquenchable, though he thought comic writing more difficult in our tense, unstable world.

In 'Buried Treasure' (October 29) Sir Mortimer Wheeler strode through the ancient ruins of Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, legendary site of biblical Ophir and source of King Solomon's mines. This impressive place is only one of nearly 500 such sites in that part of central Africa, all built on granite, all hill-fortresses. The date of Zimbabwe is not yet known, but it seems to have been built gradually down the centuries: archaeological finds suggest the earliest occupation may have been in the seventh century A.D. We saw some of these finds: curious and sometimes dramatic 'ritual objects': there was a pair of lion 'book-ends' of the greatest beauty. It was a good idea, too, to show us how some of the ancient processes which built this extraordinary acropolis—the use of fire to break granite, for instance—continue to be used in the neighbouring villages to this day.

Alan Whicker's brilliant film reports in 'Tonight' have recently been coming from Mexico. He took us on a tour of the university, the oldest in the Americas but recently removed to a brand-new site outside the capital, where a series of boxes and sky-scrapers in the international style lie scattered like giant match-boxes over acres of hot empty plain, looking less like a university than a millionaire's architectural playground. Many people think it the cat's whiskers, but not Professor O'Gorman, who designed the library to fit in with the rest rather than with his own ideas: his remarks on the cosmopolitan style had the authority of one who was himself a victim of an age with too much money and no tradition.

Mr. Whicker sent in (last Friday) some of the most remarkable scenes of faith ever televised: the Sunday church-going to the basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, five miles from Mexico City. Many of the worshippers were seen, rapt and singing, making the entire pilgrimage on their knees.

K. W. GRANSDEN

'Buried Treasure' on October 29: Sir Mortimer Wheeler in the museum at Bulawayo, with a carved soapstone bird found in the ancient ruins of Zimbabwe, Southern Rhodesia

DRAMA

Honour Among Scientists

FOR 'SUNDAY-NIGHT THEATRE' we had 'The End of the Equation' by Evelyn Frazer; its title might raise general curiosity and afflict with dismay those to whom mathematics are a dismal matter. The equation in question had something to do with physical cells and much also with moral conduct. Here was a play which, whether the viewer was fully drawn into it or not, was certainly about something actual, immediate, and important and not about such familiar affairs as the setting to partners of trivial lovers or the tracking of a tiresome fellow who has seemingly committed a murder solely in order to supply an author with a plot.

Miss Frazer's problems were those of science and the state: should a man brilliant in research accept a political job, concerned with science, however high its level? Again, should a man of rare achievement be driven out of public life because he has obscured the part played in his great discovery, a Nobel-prizewinning matter, by a one-time pupil now secluded behind the Iron Curtain? It did not seem to me that Professor Anderson had done anything fatally disgraceful: he had reached the discovery himself slightly later than his ex-pupil and that unpunctuality was due to his immersion in war-work in Britain. However, Anderson had so far failed in professional behaviour that he could be exposed, and this, with the assistance of a nasty informer and a press tycoon to whom bad news was good news, could be ruinous. Anderson regarded his disgrace as inevitable, accepted it courageously, and was encouraged to start life again in the pursuit of learning by the son of the man whom he was generally believed to have basely deprived of fame and prize-money.

Here was an unlikely end, no doubt, but one easily acceptable if the beginning and the middle had the stamp of reality and the persuasion supplied on this occasion by an able producer (John Jacobs) and an impressive cast. Robert Harris provided a first-rate picture of the harassed Anderson: he was well cast because he has the power to convince one of genuine intellectual quality in the part he plays, a task in which many good actors fail. Then there was Raymond Huntley as a Fleet Street baron and well able to make one regret that his part was not larger. Andrew Cruickshank as a saturnine 'purist' of the scientific world, Kenneth Griffith as a seedy journalist with a secret to sell, and Sandor Iles as the son of the man about whose work Anderson had kept so quiet, contributed in their various manners to the authenticity of the story. Altogether we had a piece which maintained substantial quality throughout substantial length.

Leo Lehman is becoming a pillar of television's dramatic features. His 'Cowslip 58' was a coast-town conversation piece in which the conversing was admirably natural in writing and performance. The American airmen's occupation of Cowslip caused havoc among the class of market-gardeners, perturbation among property-owners, nervousness among old maids, and jealousy among young men. When the district's chief tomato-grower saw and heard the further shattering of his glass, he determined, meek as he was, to rouse the citizens and petition the government for withdrawal of the invaders. But the government acted first. And then resentment at the Americans' presence turned to resentment at their going. How generous they had been, what money they had spent, what friends they had made!

The turmoil of veering opinion bubbled up mainly in the 'local' where the various types were very much alive and plausible. Part of the value of the piece, well-timed for a forty-five minutes' stretch, lay in the actuality of the whole affair. There have been many towns faced with Cowslip's problem of accepting alien, if allied, din in the skies and alien rivalry in affairs of sex. Mr. Lehman's Cowslipians were perhaps too rapidly mercurial in their views to be wholly convincing, but they all had authentic character, and spoke accordingly. There could not be much action in the play, but the cameras moved so deftly and the players were so well grouped and picked out in the Bristol production by Patrick Dromgoole that the time sped by with never a sticky moment or a word too much. The cast was well led by Redmond Phillips as Mr. Thorn, the kind of Briton who looks as mild as his own vegetables and yet, when provoked in the extreme, can summon up the blood for a tilt at authority. Mr. Thorn, one hopes, will be always with us.

'Better Late' (October 28) was augustly presided over by Duncan Macrae who was announced as the Moderator. But this was no Kirk Assembly; witness the fact that his secretary was only visible as a pair of very photogenic legs. What Mr. Macrae had to invigilate was a brief, slightly sophisticated revue, the kind of thing that goes well with the warmth of an after-dinner theatre audience but is not easy to insinuate acceptably into the separate units of a myriad domestic circles. There were songs, old and new, some ingenious dancing, some feminine beauty, and a little comedy to which Jimmy Thompson was the most adroit contributor. Some of the humorous items seemed to be just missing the mark, but they were reasonably near the target. 'Better Late' is one of a series. Better later on, no doubt.

IVOR BROWN

Scene from 'The End of the Equation' on November 2, with (left to right) Robert Harris as Professor Mark Anderson, Ronald Leigh-Hunt as Sir Hubert Case, Andrew Cruickshank as Sir Robert Shaw, and Raymond Huntley as Lord Laithwaite

Pamela Buck as Julie, Peter Boretski as Frank McCreedy, and Eric Lugg (standing) as a tramp in 'Cowslip 58' on October 30

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

An Epic Trial

TRIALS ALWAYS go well in sound. This is because the listener cannot be easily involved dramatically in the action that he hears. He may be involved in the debate between the various parties that he overhears and he may even sympathize with or admire the accused. In the last resort, however, the listener remains a silent judge. The large number of broadcast plays containing trial scenes are evidence of the public's appetite for the trial as a form of entertainment. In most cases the role of the judge that is offered to the listener has entertainment as its sole intention. In a play like Bertolt Brecht's 'The Trial of Lucullus' the trial method is used not only because it is satisfactory as broadcast drama but because it is a way of employing the style that Brecht called epic.

The epic presumes a debate on moral issues. It does not involve the audience in the Aristotelian manner in the traffic on the stage. It places the audience in an objective position watching or listening to the debate and it then forces the audience into the action of making its own private judgment on what has been witnessed. In the theatre the epic has stumbled because the audience is not prepared to desert its traditional view of the way things should happen in a theatre. In sound broadcasting, the problem of involving the audience and of achieving catharsis is overcome by the use of the

epic. Broadcast drama thrives on a desertion of the Aristotelian unities and on the piling of image upon image.

In one of his essays, 'Theatre for Learning', Brecht quoted the novelist Döblin as saying that the epic, in contrast to the dramatic, can be cut up into little pieces, each of which stands alone. The unity of the whole is replaced by a series of actions, each of which contains its own unity and each of which dissolves only to create a further and yet more relentless image. As the epic cannot achieve Aristotelian purgation through involvement, it seeks a purification through the realization of a truth about the human situation. In 'The Trial of Lucullus' the tyrant Lucullus has been great in this world's eye and he naturally assumes that he will find his way to the Elysian Fields after death. He is stopped however and interrogated before his inevitable dispatch to Hades. As Dibdin would have observed, each one of these interrogations, which are like nails being driven into Lucullus's coffin, could stand on its own. The effect is cumulative and the listener is compelled towards making his moral judgment by the force of the evidence. He is also compelled by the force of Brecht's imagery which sometimes manages to turn words into rocks of truth.

The translation of the play by Mr. H. R. Hays had no flaws that I could detect, and the production by Mr. H. B. Fortuin, who made splendid use of Mr. Humphrey Searle's music, brought out Brecht's intention superbly. The cast was large and contained some of the finest voices that the B.B.C. can muster.

Mr. Redmond Macdonogh's 'Plot on the Moon' reminded me that Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge once said that *Punch* could never be as good nowadays because the world itself was much funnier. A satire on competition between the Russians and the Americans to place a rocket on the moon came so near to reality that there were moments when it sounded like a Goon documentary. When Gluck and Holdern, the Russian and American scientists, reached the moon, the satire plunged into fantasy crossed with science fiction. Mr. Macdonogh's moon not only had a Man, played benignly by Mr. Baliol Holloway, it had a Girl, too. Accepting the Girl was hard enough, but Mr. Macdonogh smothered his original traces by bringing in yet one more allegory about moon fleas and moon bees which resembled American and Russian societies. The Girl (Miss Annabel Maule) is affronted by the amatory approaches of both Gluck and Holdern and takes revenge on them by inserting bees and fleas in their rockets. When they return to earth the bees and fleas attack politicians and scientists only. The moral, that politicians and scientists should leave the moon alone, could have been arrived at less tortuously. 'Plot on the Moon' was an amusing piece of sound broadcasting, and my palm goes to the revelation that, even on the moon, English is spoken.

H. G. Wells's 'A Deal in Ostriches' was made into very good radio by Mr. Lance Sieveking. The story of two confidence tricksters on a boat from India who persuade the passengers that one of them has lost a diamond in one of eight ostriches, is among Wells's neatest stories. Mr. Manning Wilson's Sir Mohini Padishah was a splendid piece of character play and his colleagues made the whole work jovially credible.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Hoxton to Berlin

UNOBTRUSIVELY BILLED, and tucked away on a single wavelength (Monday, Home) at a time of evening when the regions are minding their own affairs, was a programme last week which ought to be repeated—soon—and brought into the full limelight. It was regional with a universal appeal—a slice of life cut rich and thick, with a relish for any palate that has a taste to it. 'Hoxton, North London' was not a strictly topical programme, and gained all the more in solidity and depth for that. Covering life in the district over a period, I should say, from 1910 to 1925, it was free from all the palaver of reminiscence, and concentrated into twenty-five minutes what might have been quite reasonably spread over an hour.

The script, compiled and narrated by Bob Wallace and Steve Allen, was excellent in itself. But only experience could show how much was added by the Hoxton voice. How describe it? It comes out of a throat rough from hot potatoes and shouting in the fog, and with an eternal peppermint on the tip of the tongue. An actor can only turn the quite unconscious richness of it into—spam. It puts everything into a ditty like the one against saloon bars:

I don't want to pay for pitchers on the wall,
Give me the value in the grub!

or the rueful caterwaul of a song of the first world war: 'Ow my, I downt wanta die. I ownly want to gow howm!' Free from nostalgia or self-pity, it evoked its world unsparingly, with a wonderful sense of proportion: from the scrimmages that began in fair competition and ended in something else—'street fights was great fun in those days—dunno what you'd think if you saw one'—to the cheerful cruelty of the smash-and-grab raids on shops owned by Germans, after the outbreak of war; from the poverty—'if it rained, we'd play in factory doorways. Not much fun going indoors, hardly ever a fire' (coal being one-and-six a bag)—to the triumphant charge of mounted police at Westminster: ''E got a lovely crack across the nut. I 'eard it. Then 'e took 'is 'at off—it was stuffed with brown paper!' 'And the result of that', put in a capping voice, 'was we got unemployment benefit, instead of being put on the relief'.

This was the kind of vital history which the written word alone can never quite evoke. Production by Francis Dillon was a model of unobtrusive stylishness—the material, heterogeneous enough, being shaped into sequence and climax, with never a loose end or an idle effect. The same I can't say for a very similar programme, 'The Talking Streets', which came—by the sort of coincidence that happens so often—only an hour later on the same wavelength. This time we were in Lancashire—or were we? Here and there in the north, at any rate. The production by Denis Mitchell was so ingenious, I found myself listening to that as much as to the content. The material collected by Frank Shaw was all of the best. And the opening—'We've got rats here wi' clogs on—even the cat's frightened to stay in the bloody house'—was riveting.

But where did we go after that? There was an intrusive guitar, an impromptu balladist, a ticking clock, and much elaborate montage, inter-cutting street voices with voices on the radio. The burden was tragic, where the Hoxton refrain had been ruthless and buoyant. The unnamed who spoke up were nearly all bitter, fighting people, but their words—or so it seemed to me—were given a rather limp sort of halo.

But, not to quarrel further with presentation, the gift was eminently worth having. And both these programmes threw more light on the week's 'matter of moment' than the one explicitly devoted to it. The focus was on crime, and the treatment consisted of a series of separately recorded interviews, each expert being popped out of his pigeon-hole to make his pronouncement, oblivious of the rest. Apart from a cynical suggestion that crime increases with the number of criminologists, I listened with an irritable feeling that the spotlight so continually played upon violence does nothing to discourage or divert it. There is a sense, after all, in which Nottingham begat Notting Hill.

What would those Hoxtonians have made of their close contemporary, Bertolt Brecht? I fear they might have told the propagandist to take a 'runny jump', and dismissed his songs and ballads as—tripe. John Willett's study of his personality (produced by Terence Tiller, in the Third Programme) was gloomily illuminating, giving an itinerary of the dogmatic pilgrim, from the hard-headed schoolboy who 'failed to observe any progress' in his teachers, to the man who failed to observe any progress anywhere. 'Don't like where I came from, don't like where I'm going' rang the final ballad. A study in intellectual blues, the whole piece was a significant and—to me—a damning comment on this oddest of eclectics.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

From Concrete to Baroque

LOUIS DE MEESTER, whose prize-winning cantata for radio, *La Grande Tentation de St. Antoine*, was broadcast in the Third Programme on Saturday evening, represented for most listeners an unknown quality. For that reason, and because six o'clock is not a peak hour for listening to this kind of programme, the performance will probably have been missed by large numbers of people who would have enjoyed it. On their behalf I put in a plea for an encore, for the work is a remarkably successful composition in the new medium of radio-music.

The composer is both a musician and a radio-technician, and in his cantata he has applied his knowledge of electronic and recording techniques to his conventional musical skill. As a musician he is prepared to draw upon any and every source from twelve-note serialism to jazz, adding to his varied equipment the new devices of synthetic 'voices', distorted sounds and *musique concrète*. The result is inevitably eclectic, but de Meester is true enough to his name, having the mastery to impose order upon these diverse elements, using each for its special dramatic or musical purpose, so that we are more conscious, in listening, of the rightness of the effect than of the means by which it is produced. Moreover, de Meester has, besides all his skills, a gift of simple, straightforward melody and an ability to characterize the persons in the text by Michel de Ghelderode.

De Ghelderode possesses that earthy humour, which seems characteristic of the Flemish temperament as manifested in the paintings of Pieter Brueghel and, more queerly, in those of Bosch, whom he invokes as model for his text, or again, in de Coster's *Till Eulenspiegel*. His St. Anthony is a simple peasant who addresses his Creator as one man to another, and whose chief trouble is that his pet pig has been stolen and that he has forgotten the formula for ridding himself of the devils who torment him with various temptations. He is a nice old fuddy-duddy, but it is no wonder that Maître Léonard the Devil-in-chief is first contemptuous of him and then, at last, enraged at being unable to find any chink in the armour of his saintly simplicity.

One of the features of de Meester's score is the superimposition of St. Anthony's music with its accompaniment of a few wind instruments and accordion upon a wholly independent orchestral score, which it does not fit in rhythm. This (I suppose) was achieved by recording the two parts separately and then bringing them together on the tape, like a photographic double-exposure. This is, in principle, an arbitrary procedure and the reverse of true musical composition. Yet it seemed, in practice, to work. So did

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the faked choruses of sirens and celestial beings. I am more doubtful about the Devil with the *voix déformée*, which merely sounded like a tenor distorted by bad reception.

Among the individual performers, Frans Mertens hit off the aged Saint to perfection, and Renaat Verbruggen made his antagonist a formidable personage. The voice of Salomé (Fredye Marshall) was remarkable for its depth and range—or was that F sharp in the bass stave faked in the recording? The conductor, Daniel Sternefeld, obtained from his various orchestras and choir what seemed to be a faithful performance. But I fancy that the success of the total effect was due to the cutting and assemblage of the recordings under the composer's care.

From this latest development we turn back to a product of the early years of our present musical era, to Monteverdi's *Vespers*, a performance of which was given at the B.B.C.'s Wednesday Symphony Concert under the direction of Rudolf Schwarz. By way of introduction in the previous Sunday's 'Music Magazine', Denis Stevens threw a sizable musicological spanner into the works by suggesting that the *Vespers* is not an integral composition, but just a collection of pieces, some intended for performance in church and others designed for the private delectation of Monteverdi's Mantuan patron. But, if that is so, why were the Antiphons, albeit not always those laid down in the Roman liturgy today, printed before the Psalms to which they seem to belong? It is a subject too large to argue here. The fact remains that the *Vespers* has, in the last decade, proved itself suitable for performance as a sequence. But the music needs a better understanding of its Italianate style and of its manner of performance than Mr. Schwarz seemed to command. Treated as an oratorio with a large choir, the music became surprisingly leaden-footed and downright boring.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Tchaikovsky in the Theatre

By GERALD SEAMAN

The Sorceress will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Saturday, November 15 (Third)

TCHAIKOVSKY once wrote: 'Where the heart is untouched, there can be no music'. His approach to music was intensely subjective and it is perhaps for that reason that so much of his dramatic music suffers from amorphousness and lack of conviction. Only in those cases where his feelings were captivated, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Eugene Onegin* and *The Queen of Spades*, was he able to succeed. Nearly all his heroes and heroines are torn by a sense of conflict, either one of human emotions or a struggle against omnipotent fate. Above all, he demanded living characters: 'Only human beings can sing with their simple human sufferings—not fantastic creatures. I cannot write music with love and enthusiasm for any subject however effective, if the characters do not compel my lively sympathy, if I do not love them, pity them, as living people love and pity'. Situations which were 'too far from life' held little fascination for him, hence his hostility to Wagner and Verdi and his terse dismissal of *Aida* with the phrase: 'I want people, not dolls'.

The origins of Tchaikovsky's music may be found partly in the French nineteenth-century lyrical composers, Bizet, Massenet, and Delibes, in the works of Verdi, Meyerbeer, and Bellini, and in the great heritage of Russian folk-song. This last element has often been underestimated in appraisals of his work. True, animosity existed between Tchaikovsky and the *Kuchka*, but this was due almost entirely to his habit of developing folk themes in a 'symphonic' manner which the *Kuchka* regarded as 'Teutonic' and 'academic'. It is significant, moreover, that neither Tchaikovsky nor Rimsky-Korsakov was afraid to make use of similar ideas for several of their operas nor to incorporate the same folk tunes.

In the course of his life, Tchaikovsky contemplated more than thirty operatic projects, but only eleven of these achieved musical embodiment. The majority of his operas are constructed on architectonic principles, *i.e.*, are written in accordance with a predetermined scheme whereby moments of intense passion alternate with calmer, 'neutral' episodes, the purpose of which is to allow for the passing of time, to provide contrasting relief, and to prepare ground for the development of the main intrigue, the total effect being one of inexorability similar to the dénouement of a classical or Shakespearean tragedy. Tchaikovsky clearly stated his requirements in his letters to his brother, Modeste. In selecting libretti, he preferred a short dramatic action which would give him the greatest scope in the delineation of character. On one occasion he wrote: 'You have made an excellent job of the libretto, but there is one fault—verbosity. Please be as brief and laconic as possible'.

Although he did not approve of Wagnerian principles (he was not interested in music-drama or operatic reform), he had little desire for musical realism. His debt to Mussorgsky and Dargomïzhsky lay rather in his efforts to reproduce verbal stress and vocal inflexion, though nowhere is there anything approaching the oily inflexions of Mussorgsky's Shuïsky or the powerful, animated tones of Boris. Like Wagner, he visualized an opera as a whole—there is a close parallel in that both claimed that composition and orchestration were for them the same process—but, generally speaking, Tchaikovsky composed the climaxes first and linked the work together at a later date. A further connexion with the *Kuchka* is revealed by his treatment of the chorus, which instead of being allotted the conventional role of commentator, often plays a leading part. Tchaikovsky's sketch-books bear evidence to his endless work in elaborating his musical motives and the scenario. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that a man of Tchaikovsky's culture and intelligence should not only have repeated the mistake of setting an unsuitable libretto, but after prolonged work in modifying and revising it should have nullified his efforts by composing the music too quickly.

Borodin once expressed the opinion that every writer or composer has one basic theme, and there can be no better illustration of this than Tchaikovsky, who was obsessed by the idea of the fascination of woman leading to man's destruction. Even so, it is difficult to understand why the composer who rejected Shakespeare's *Othello* on the grounds of too much action, and who wrote that 'one cannot present finely-wrought details in the theatre', should have attempted the composition of an opera so overladen and so romantic in its absurdities as Shpazhinsky's *The Sorceress*.

The story describes the beguilement by Kuma, a young woman of mystical leanings, of Nikita, Prince of Nizhny-Novgorod. The Prince's wife, Evpraksiya, is jealous and suspicious of her husband. Her son, Uri, discovers his father's infatuation, the cause of his mother's unhappiness, and resolves to avenge her. Act III discloses the fact that Kuma has long been in love with the young prince. Uri approaches Kuma determined to kill her, but his resolution is overthrown by her charms and he too succumbs.

The final act defies description in its accumulation of romantic effects. The scene opens in a gloomy forest near the cave of Kudma, the magician; Uri is about to escape with Kuma in order to avoid his father's wrath; Princess Evpraksiya asks the magician for a deadly potion which she intends to administer to Kuma, who unexpectedly falls into her hands. In the guise of a pilgrim, the Princess persuades her to drink the poison. Uri arrives to find his beloved dead, murdered by his mother. He is joined by Prince Nikita who thinks that his son is concealing Kuma, will not believe the truth, and just as his wife appears, kills his son in a fit of rage. The young prince's body is borne away, and his father, left alone in the forest, goes mad to the accompaniment of thunder, lightning, and demoniacal laughter.

The opera was intended as an illustration of the famous closing words of Goethe's *Faust*, '*das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan*', but apart from that, there is little material which would seem to answer Tchaikovsky's demand for 'living persons—tragic situations'. The only real character is Kuma, who is successful because the composer disregarded her supernatural powers and transformed her into a woman of deep sensitivity—the personification of love. This is a significant point, for Tchaikovsky was unable to depict with conviction any person void of human feeling. The same is true of Kudma the magician.

The most striking act is the first. It is melodious, well written, and colourful, and one is impressed by the skilful grafting of the Russian folk idiom on to the conventional contrapuntal turns and fugatos of 'Western' music. Unfortunately, the succeeding acts are inferior in quality and are notable only in their confirmation of certain idiosyncrasies of Tchaikovsky's dramatic and musical technique; *i.e.*, the introduction of elemental forces to accentuate human passions, the repetition of a single theme at continually rising levels, the use of motives which, though not developed in the Wagnerian manner, are employed against constantly changing backgrounds to punctuate the scene and give it a sense of unity. Several critics have commented on the strong resemblances between Tatyana and Eugene in *Eugene Onegin*, Herman and the cards in *The Queen of Spades*, Kuma and the Prince in *The Sorceress*, and the heroine and José in *Carmen*.

Of Tchaikovsky's operas, only four have survived the test of time, and only two are familiar to audiences in this country. There could be no more pertinent epitaph on the tombstone of his forgotten operas than his own pronouncement: 'In opera, speed and conciseness of action are indispensable or the composer will never have the power to write—nor the audience to listen to the end'.

Bridge Forum—V

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer. Their opinions are given independently of one another.

Question 1

(from Lt.-Col. J. E. M. Gemmell, Stormount Road, Scone, Perth)

With West the dealer and both sides vulnerable, these were the cards of West and East:

WEST	EAST
♠ A Q 10 9	♠ 7 2
♥ A K Q J	♥ 6 4
♦ K Q 10 9 4	♦ 6 5 2
♣ —	♣ K Q 8 7 5 3

Could you answer two questions:

(*a*) What should West open, assuming that he is playing a Two Club system?

(*b*) How should the bidding go?

Answer by Harold Franklin

(*a*) I dismiss any opening bid other than **Two Clubs.** Although the hand may fall short of the required standards if one counts only in terms of points or honour tricks, and although one cannot see game in one's own hand, as little as a King and a Jack in partner's hand may produce a slam. This rules out an opening bid of One, and an opening bid of Two Diamonds would crowd the bidding and also, in effect, force to game.

(*b*) The sequence I suggest is:

WEST	EAST
2C	2D
2H	3C
3D	3H
3NT	—

Over Two Diamonds I bid Two Hearts rather than Three Diamonds to preserve bidding space. There should be a reasonable play for Three No Trumps—either ♣ A or ♦ J well placed will see us home.

Answer by Terence Reese

(*a*) **Two Clubs.** Some players are apt to apply the test: If partner has nothing, will my hand produce a game? But that is by no means the only test when one considers whether to open with a forcing bid. Failure to open with the biggest bid on a hand like this always creates difficulty.

(*b*)	WEST	EAST
	2C	2D
	2S	3C
	3NT	

West's final call is not very elegant, but when partner bids Clubs West should take the shortest route to game.

Question 2

(from C. E. Holmes, Park Villas, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 3)

East-West are vulnerable and the bidding goes:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1S	2D	?	

What should North bid, holding.

♠ 2 ♥ 3 2 ♦ Q 10 7 6 4 2 ♣ A 9 7 6

Answer by Harold Franklin

This is a problem that one often meets. The obvious temptation is to double—the danger is that partner (*a*) may be unable to stand a double or (*b*) may be spurred into doubling some other contract by the enemy which they may make. One must judge in the light of one's experience and mine advises **Double.** If partner doubles Two Hearts, that may be good for us. On some hands the double may push partner into Two Spades, but on others he may be able to stand the double when otherwise he would have repeated his Spades.

Answer by Terence Reese

There are two reasons why I never double in this sort of position: first, one never lives to enjoy the double, for either dummy or partner will be void and will remove the double; secondly, the subsequent bidding is liable to develop in a disadvantageous way, for partner may double the rescue (either Two Hearts or Two No Trumps) and will be disappointed by your contribution to the defence. Best, therefore, is to say **No Bid** and wait for something better to develop.

Question 3

(from E. Jannersten, Enskede, Sweden)

In what is supposed to be a game of skill, how can the award of points for honours be justified?

Answer by Harold Franklin and Terence Reese

(1) It is not necessary, in a pastime, to look for strict justice; (2) honours are not just an ornament; they have some bearing on tactical situations in bidding.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to 'Bridge Forum', Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and not to The Editor, THE LISTENER*]*

Garden Hedges and their Uses

HAVE you ever realized what a difference a well-kept hedge can make to a large or small garden, and the uses to which it can be put? It can act as a shelter from the wind; divide various parts of the garden, such as the flowers and vegetables; hide some ugly corner or building, or perhaps form a screen from the neighbours' garden or the road. There are many suitable plants—evergreen, flowering, and ornamental. Yew and holly were favourites at one time, and excellent they are. But I would like to propose something that will give the garden more colour, brightness, and interest.

Take, for instance Berberis Darwini. This will reach eight or nine feet in height if you want it to, and it has orange-yellow flowers in April and May. A hardier berberis, stenophylla, has golden-yellow blooms in May and June. This is the plant for hiding some building, although perhaps it is rather too strong for a hedge in small gardens. A plant I believe everyone likes is Hydrangea hortensis, to my mind unsurpassed for wealth of long-lasting flowers. They are no trouble and need no clipping; just take out an odd shoot here and there to keep them uniform and in order. The cydonia—or Japonica, as it is often called—makes a hedge of rare beauty, too. Some of the new varieties, such as Knapp Hill Scarlet, flower from early spring till late summer.

A sweet-briar hedge can be most attractive, especially on a cool summer's evening. Another rose called Zephirine Drouhin, a lovely pink, with free flowers and a heavenly scent, makes a lovely hedge plant, and it is thornless, too. For a dwarf hedge, Lavandula Twickle purple or vera are excellent for neatness, flowers, and scent.

When you plant a hedge, do make a good job of it, because it will last for years. Buy from a good nurseryman. Dig a trench wide enough to take the roots spread out, and work in a little leaf soil or peat. Never plant too deep, but always plant firmly, even if it means using a few extra barrowloads of dry soil. The distance to plant is governed by the plants themselves, but if they are rather thin, put them a little closer so that they will grow together to form a well-clothed hedge.

Unless old-established hedges are kept clean and free from leaves and rubbish they become the home of many pests, especially slugs. So clean them out and give the soil a top dressing from the compost heap. Often, after years of clipping, hedges, especially privet and laurel, become what might be called mop-headed. Do not hesitate to take this mop off, cutting back to the straight stems: this will cause the dormant eyes to break into growth in the spring.

F. H. STREETER

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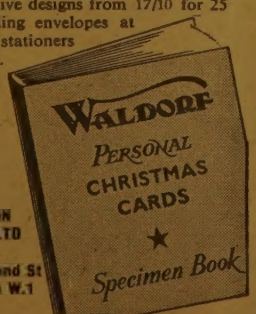

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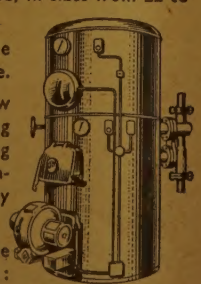

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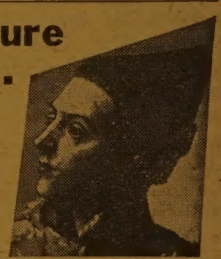

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New Ways to Keep Your House Warm

By ANDREW L. GRAY

HEATING systems can be divided broadly into two types: those which warm a single room and those which warm the whole house. The first category includes the open, coal-burning fire—but the old, traditional type is about the most wasteful and inefficient apparatus ever devised. Today there is a wide range of well-designed fires, which burn coal or smokeless fuel, and are economical and efficient. Basically, these new fires rely for their efficiency on a controlled draught, which accurately governs the rate of burning.

Most of these fires can easily be fitted into your present fireplace. They are made in various sizes and are simple to fix by following the directions supplied with them. Gas ignition can be incorporated for ease in lighting, but you must get an expert to couple that up for you.

Besides the fire which draws its air from the room there is now an even better type which obtains the air from outside the house through a duct under the floor. This type is probably the most highly efficient of all solid-fuel open fires. Because the air necessary for combustion is not taken from the room, no draughts are caused, and the rate of burning is perfectly controlled and unaffected whether your windows are open or closed. To empty the ashes all you have to do is to rake them through the grate where they fall into a box below, and this only has to be lifted out and emptied once a week, or even fortnightly.

These fires with the under-floor draught are the complete answer in a new house, but if your present home has the usual suspended timber floors they are almost as easy to fix. With solid floors, it does mean rather an upheaval, particularly if the fireplace is on an internal wall. If it is on the outside wall the air intake can be arranged from the back. Both these types can be fitted to give convected heat as well. This is done by using the fire to heat air, which is directed to warm other parts of the house. Properly done this can be most effective, but it has to be controlled carefully.

The all-enclosed, slow-combustion stove is another most efficient way of heating a room, is most economical on fuel, and is simple to fix. It only needs standing in front of the fireplace with its flue pushed up into the chimney. For a perfect job, however, the fireplace opening must be blocked up, with just a hole left for the flue to pass through. If you prefer to see the fire, a modern variation is the free-standing open stove, which has most of the advantages of its enclosed ancestor, but does give you a fire which you can poke.

A development in electric heating has recently come into being—an electrically heated carpet underlay, which you merely plug in as you would a fire. The current consumption of the smallest size is less than that of a single bar electric fire, but since the heat is evenly distributed all over the room a much higher temperature is maintained.

Let us now consider warming the whole house. I am not going to dwell on ordinary central heating with radiators, because modern developments have made this rather a back number. Floor and ceiling heating by hot water or electricity give a high degree of comfort but are only suitable for installing into a new building. I am convinced that the form of whole-house heating in the future is by a system of convected hot air. This is already giving perfect results in hundreds of homes. There are several systems available, costing from less than £100 to many thousands of pounds. Some of these systems lend themselves admirably to easy and inconspicuous installation in existing houses. All of them consist basically of a heat source, which may be gas, coke, or oil, and an electric fan to blow hot air through ducts to wherever it is wanted. With the gas type, no boiler room or fuel stove is required; the heating unit is entirely self contained, and can be placed under the stairs or in a spare cupboard. The system is automatic and can be arranged to run itself for the whole heating season, without any attention, and yet provide a predetermined temperature to any room.

Other systems use hot water as the heat source, this being supplied by an ordinary domestic boiler to a car-type radiator through which air is blown to be heated. With the types suitable for the smaller house the apparatus is often placed in the roof space, and the hot air is blown into the upstairs rooms through grilles in the ceilings, while shallow ducts feed the ground-floor rooms. The rate at which the air blows in is carefully controlled to give about three air changes an hour.

There are other forms of whole-house heating which incorporate the domestic hot-water system as well, and they are worked by gas, solid fuel, or oil. They are mostly complicated devices, highly efficient but expensive to install.

All these appliances can be seen at the Building Centre in London. They give an even heat which will adjust itself to any predetermined level: the air is continually being circulated, so it is always fresh: they do not encourage draughts, and you do not get the staining that is inevitable above radiators. Most of them have another useful asset too: if we should ever get another hot summer they can be run—without the heat turned on—to cool the air.

—*Network Three*

Notes on Contributors

R. H. S. CROSSMAN (*page 715*): M.P. (Labour) for Coventry East since 1945; Member of the Labour Party Executive; Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, 1930-37; author of *How we are Governed*, *Palestine Mission*, and other books; editor and contributor to *New Fabian Essays* (1952)

Rev. H. F. D. SPARKS (*page 723*): Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, since 1952; author of *The Old Testament in the Christian Church* and *The Foundation of the New Testament*

CLEEVE BARR (*page 725*): Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, who has recently visited Russia

J. B. BOOTHROYD (*page 731*): a member of the staff of *Punch*; author of *Are Sergeants Human?*, *Are Officers Necessary?* and *Lost, a Double-fronted Shop*

Sir ARTHUR RICHMOND (*page 736*): Chairman Land Settlement Association since 1948; Chairman of Agricultural Co-operatives of Great Britain and Ireland 1951-57; served in Transvaal Civil Service 1902-5

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE (*page 742*): London dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian*; associate editor of *Opera*; author of *A Key to Opera*

Crossword No. 1,484. I haven't a clue. By Smada

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 13. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Each of the seven-figure lights is the square of a number which may itself be the hypotenuse of precisely thirteen integral right-angled triangles. The remaining lights (which do not include the single digits) are selected from the fifty-two shorter sides of these triangles. No light is repeated or begins with zero.

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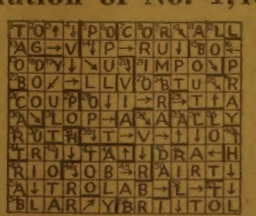
Solution of No. 1,482



NOTES

23A. The 'blunter end'. **30A.** 'P. Gynt'. **6D.** Anag. **24D.** Matthew Arnold. **32D.** Half of 'Never-never'.

1st prize: R. E. Williams (Berkhamsted); 2nd prize: R. W. Killick (London, S.W.14); 3rd prize: R. C. Couzens (London, S.W.17)

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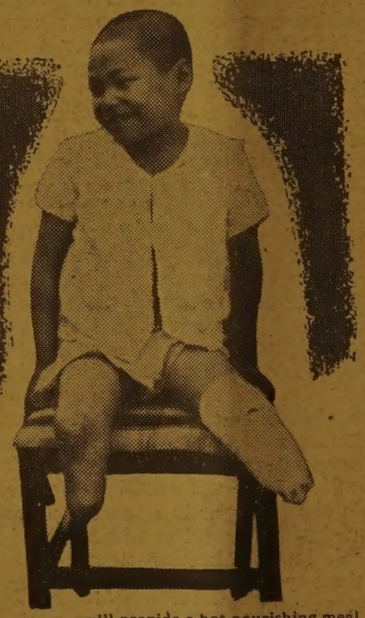

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